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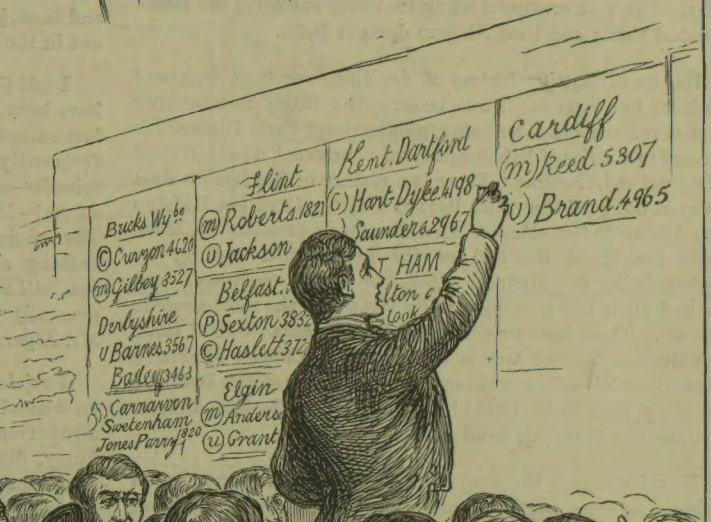
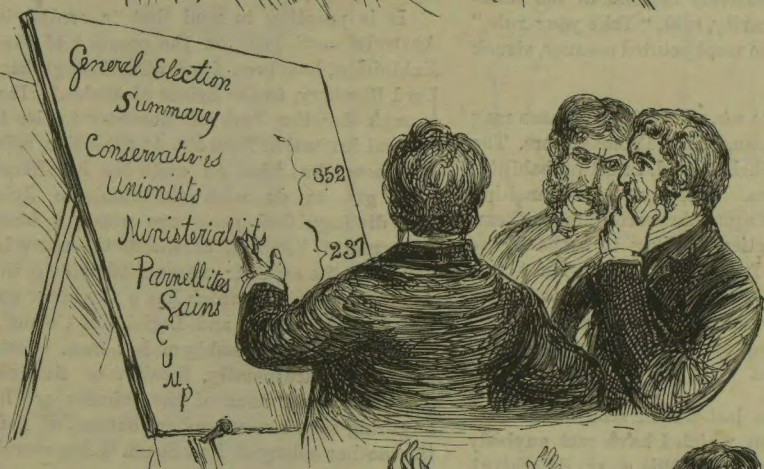
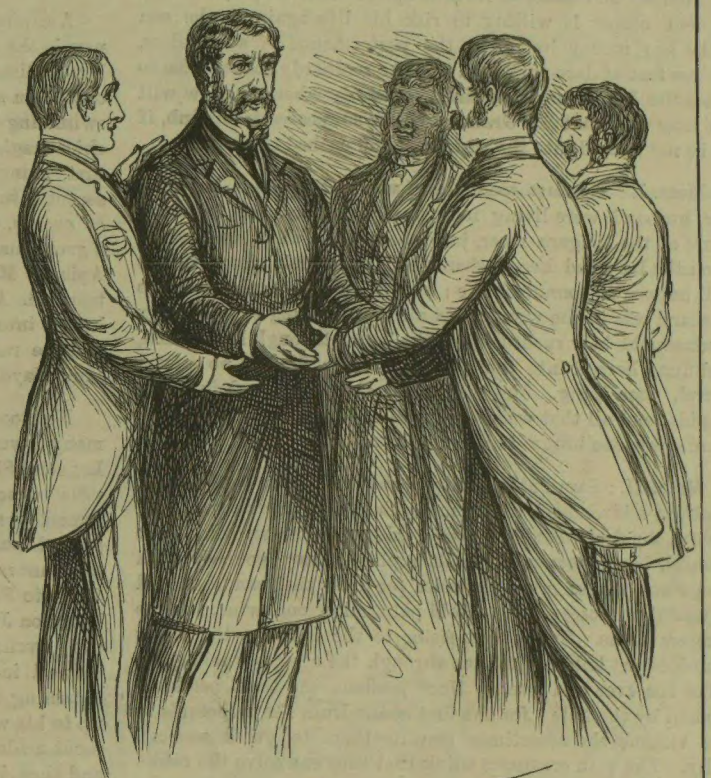
SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1886.

TWO SIXPENCE.
WHOLE SHEETS By Post, 6^d.

WATCHING THE TELEGRAPH.



CONGRATULATING A NEW M.P.



"HURRAH!
ANOTHER GAIN"

ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

The hero of the day in the United States is probably the undaunted cooper, Mr. C. D. Graham, an Englishman by birth, long domiciled in Philadelphia. You will have read in the daily papers how Mr. Graham's pluck and ingenuity have enabled him to shoot the Rapids just below the Falls of Niagara, and to skirt the whirlpool without incurring the fate of brave, foolhardy Captain Webb. This is not the place in which to give a lengthened description of the barrel invented and constructed by Mr. Graham, and in which the valiant cooper ensconced himself. I wish just to quote a few words of Mr. Graham's own narrative:—

It was awful hot in there. While I was drifting slowly up above, I thought I'd die; but the water cooled me, and didn't wet me very much—for you see I was inside the canvas. When I got to the whirlpool I took off the cover, and could see out; but I was carried along so fast that I put it on again, in a hurry. Then I got dizzy with rolling over, and pretty sick in my stomach. In the Devil's Hole Rapids I got the worst shaking up. Then I was all right enough until they pulled me out. I never want to try it again for fun. I'll do it again for money, pretty quick.

There it is. Behold a worthy mechanic earning good wages; as brave as a lion—braver, perhaps, for the lion is declared by some travellers to be a brute as cowardly as he is ferocious. The cooper of Philadelphia is evidently a skilled artisan, with a strong inventive faculty. Why does he not invent something useful—say, a machine for paying one's debts, or keeping one's temper, or staving off old age, and patent the instrument and make a fortune by it? But no; this inconsequent cooper is willing to risk his life again (if he can make any money by it) by the performance of a senseless, useless feat of dare-devildom. If the foolhardy cooper tries to shoot the Rapids a second time, somebody whom I know will bet long odds that Mr. Graham will be suffocated in his tub, if he be not sucked into the whirlpool and dashed to atoms.

Mem. I.: The last time that I was at Niagara a lady and her husband were living in a pretty villa on the American shore of the Niagara river, just above the Falls. One afternoon the lady and her husband had a quarrel. Such things will happen in connubial life; and, of course, in this case the husband was in the wrong. At all events, stung to temporary madness, the lady rushed out of the house, through her garden, and flung herself into the Niagara river. She had no safety-barrel, poor thing. She went over the Falls, and into the Rapids; and all that was ever found of her, a few weeks afterwards, was one bronze kid boot with a foot in it.

Mem. II.: Sam Patch shot, not the Rapids, but the Cataract itself, in a birch bark canoe, more than fifty years ago. Successful the first time, he perished miserably the second. Take counsel, brave cooper of Philadelphia. Busy yourself with hoops and staves and bungholes for casks that can be turned to useful purposes—say, to hold palm oil or port wine. Leave Niagara alone. She is twin-sister to the Sphinx—the sister who does not hold her tongue through the ages, but talks and talks for ever and ever. More perilous she than her kinswoman by the Nile; for the first conundrum she propounds to her victims she sometimes permits them to guess successfully. The vain creatures think that they can solve the riddle a second time; and then Niagara devours them.

Has an exhaustive history of duelling ever been written? I ask for two reasons. First, because the thirty-first number of that remarkably interesting publication "Paris Illustré" is devoted to a series of lithographs and "chromos" illustrative of "Le Duel et L'Eserime." There is a picture of the famous duel between the good Chevalier Bayard and the Castilian Hidalgo Don Alonzo de Soto-Mayor. Another plate represents the three duels fought at the end of the seventeenth century by Mademoiselle de Maupin. Notable naval, military, and civilian duels are also pictorially treated in the most graphic manner. There have even been schoolboy duels. One of these juvenile combats of two is mentioned in Charles Dickens's "American Notes"; but the exhaustive history of the Duello—where is that to be found? Did the versatile Mr. Andrew Steinmetz ever try his hand at such a work?

Now for reason the second. A married French gentleman residing in some town in the Department of the Ariège was, with more or less reason, jealous of a young gentleman living in the same town. The indignant Benedict, resolved upon avenging his honour, proceeded to a gunsmith's shop to purchase a revolver. Strangely enough, he found in the shop the very young gentleman whom it is to be presumed he intended to shoot, and who had also come to buy a pistol. Burning with rage, Benedict turned his six-shooter to its horrible purpose, on the spot. The young gentleman replied with his own "persuader"; and the two bloodthirsty maniacs exchanged no less than ten shots. The young gentleman alone was wounded. The married madman was tried for the attempt to murder, and was, of course, acquitted by a sympathetic jury.

The revolver, a weapon which was not invented by Colonel Colt—it is only a modification of and an improvement on a revolving pistol which was in use in the reign of Queen Elizabeth—is becoming more than a nuisance. It has grown to the dimensions of a curse, all over the world. Jealous or maltreated ladies, cowardly and ruffianly burglars, tom-fools, hair-brained shopboys, have taken to carrying revolvers, and to using them, too, with a vengeance. The indiscriminate possession of a revolver should not be permitted by the law. These lethal things should be numbered; a heavy duty should be imposed on them, and the name of every purchaser should be registered. It should become as difficult for an unauthorised person to buy a revolver as I hope it is for anybody but a medical man to buy prussic acid.

Here is a curious coincidence. The other morning I was reading in a great daily journal a leading article on the subject of the absurd notification recently published in *Le Nord*, the organ of the Russian Government in Brussels, to the effect that henceforward no Muscovite decoration would be conferred on British, American, or Swiss subjects, inas-

much as Great Britain, the United States, and Switzerland did not confer decorations on Russian subjects. The article was not by any means complimentary to Russia; and in the course of reading it I came on the following passage:—

Russia has been for a long time past irremediably bankrupt—so bankrupt, indeed, that she is ignorant of the dimensions of her own insolvency, since her illimitable and inconvertible paper currency is supplemented every month by forged rouble notes to a vast but unknown amount, the plates for which are systematically forged in every European capital, while the notes themselves are as systematically smuggled across the Russian frontiers.

Now, I know Russia and the Russians tolerably well, and have known them from the year 1857. Reading the above paragraph, I asked myself, more than once, "Is this sensational; is this exaggerated? Are Russian bank-notes really forged in the great European capitals?" I turned over the paper and read the police report. Therein I found that two Polish Jews had been further examined before Alderman Sir Robert Carden for having in their possession three wooden blocks bearing the impression of a Russian twenty-five rouble note. The prosecution alleged that the accused had contemplated issuing these spurious notes to the number of fifty thousand, representing a value of a hundred and twenty-five thousand pounds sterling. I remembered then that I had repeatedly read police reports, setting forth how in London, Paris, and Berlin, prisoners (in most cases from Poland) had been charged with illicitly contributing to the expansion of the paper currency of the Autocrat.

A capital story comes from Dublin about the opening of the new baths and wash-houses by Eblana's energetic Lord Mayor, Mr. Sullivan, M.P. The programme had been formally carried out, when somebody suggested that the advantages of the new swimming-bath could not be better demonstrated than by the chief magistrate of the ancient city on the Liffey taking the first plunge. Happy thought! The Lord Mayor at once assented to the proposal. In a few moments his Lordship was *en cuerpo*, or "all face," as the Samoan Islanders say. I saw a great many of them who were "all face," when I was at Apia, in March, 1885; but then, they were so beautifully tattooed. As for the Lord Mayor of Dublin, he took a "sensation header into the bath"; the Town Clerk dutifully followed suit; and the result was a challenge swimming-match, which the Lord Mayor won.

No good story without a predecessor. All lawyers, and many laymen, have heard of the late Vice-Chancellor Sir Lancelot Shadwell. He was a very aquatic Judge; he had a villa somewhere on the Thames, near Roehampton, if I remember right, and in the swimming season he passed most of his leisure not on, but in, the water. One very hot morning, in an unusually sultry Long Vacation, two legal gentlemen came down to Sir Lancelot's villa. The Vice-Chancellor, who was Vacation Judge, was, of course, in the water, disporting among the swans of silvery Thames. The legal gentlemen—counsel instructed by solicitor—were urgently desirous of obtaining an *ad interim* injunction. Sir Lancelot, standing up to his waist in the water, attentively listened to the statement made; then, with great gravity, said, "Take your rule," and then, joining his palms in the most pointed manner, struck out in the direction of Putney.

I tell the tale as it was told to me. Possibly, its hero may have been Judge Jefferies, or Bacon, or Sir Thomas More. The last named Chancellor lived at Chelsea, and, in all probability, frequently bathed in the Thames. Yes, my steam-launching friends—why do steam-launchers squabble so often among themselves?—it was once quite a practicable thing to bathe in the Thames quite close to London. It was while Leigh Hunt was bathing above bridge that he first saw Byron—that Byron, you will remember, who once swam the Hellespont, and was generally as fond of swimming as is the happily extant Mr. Algernon Charles Swinburne.

I rejoice to say that I met the last-named mellifluous bard on one of the rare occasions on which I have met anybody away from home since I returned to this dear, delightful, dingy, dismal, dreary country at the end of April last. I chanced on Mr. Swinburne at a notable supper party at the Grosvenor Gallery. I had not seen him for years; and it was good to find him hale and hearty looking, and with the old fire—the fire that burns only in the lamp of Genius—in his eye and in his speech. I only wish that Mr. Swinburne would leave politics alone. The Distressed Compiler is trying his very best to leave them alone. I make a slip now and then in venturing upon an opinion on public matters; but I hope I shall end as a moderate Whig. Oliver Cromwell was a moderate Whig; and he made a very good end of it indeed, although after his decease his remains were rather unhand-somely treated by the high Tory party.

What! Is the coil of the controversy touching the retention or the contrary of colour in old water-colour drawings to stretch till the crack of doom? Mr. Collingwood Smith, R.W.S., and Mr. J. C. Robinson are now at issue touching not only the tone of a water colour by De Witte, but the age of the paper on which it is painted. May I venture to contribute a mite of personal experience in the matter? I have had for three-and-twenty years, framed and glazed, and exposed to full daylight on a drawing-room wall, a water-colour drawing by Emanuel De Witte. It is not dated; but, when it is borne in mind that the ill-conditioned painter of Amsterdam was born in 1607, and died in 1692, I suppose I am not very wrong in assuming that my drawing is more than two hundred years old, for it is in the later and best manner of De Witte.

The picture is an allegorical composition—Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, and Virorum, capering on parti-coloured clouds—the whole, with one exception, so brilliant in hue that it might have been painted yesterday, with the newest moist water colours that Messrs. Winsor and Newton or Messrs. Roberson could furnish. Only, the highest lights are in body-colour, of which white lead is evidently one of the components; and the white has, consequently, oxidised, and turned a reddish-brown. Other-

wise, the picture can hold its own with its neighbours—a Keeley Halswelle, a Gustave Doré, and two William Beverlys, less than ten years old.

Mem.: Close by is a tiny Stothard—a group of Cupids glowing with colour. But it is in purest water colour, the high lights being the white of the paper itself.

Go for a ramble in the churches of Amsterdam if you would become acquainted with De Witte at his best. Lord Ronald Gower should know all about him—the ease and variety of his drawing, the harmony of his colour, the delicacy of his touch. And what a surly, growling, cantankerous old curmudgeon was this gifted Dutchman, to be sure! He was always insulting somebody, and much preferred to abuse people who were illustrious. "If the King of the Bullocks" he said to the Consul of the King of Denmark, who had come to inspect a work commissioned from De Witte by his Royal master, "doesn't like my picture, I daresay I can sell it to the King of the Pigs." When he was a very old man, he had a furious quarrel one morning with his landlord, and rushed out and drowned himself, just as the poor lady at Niagara did.

I see that a statue of Diderot was unveiled on July 13, at Paris, in the Place St. Germain des Prés, in the presence of a large crowd, not one in five hundred of whom had probably ever read a single line of the once-famous encyclopædist's writings. Nor in England, I should imagine, do many people, with the exception of the Right Honourable John Morley, who has written an admirable book on "Diderot and the Encyclopædists," know or care much about the disreputable philosopher of whom the Tsarina Catherine II. was so fond. The Distressed Compiler admires Diderot and his colleague, D'Alembert, hugely. The bare thought of the names of those famous writers fills my heart with gratitude; for these many years past I have had that vast mine of technological wealth, the French Encyclopædia (twenty-four volumes folio), on my shelves, and it is almost as useful to "crib" from, for journalistic purposes, as the "Grand Dictionnaire Universel" of Pierre La Rousse. Your health, Denis Diderot! The big books which you have composed have furnished me with many a meal.

Mem.: Honoré De Balzac says somewhere that Diderot once wrote a book against Mankind which he dared not publish. Swift did dare to put forth *his* indictment against humanity in the horribly revolting picture of the Yahoos.

Thank you kindly, "H. I." King's Lynn, for telling me that catgut is not made from the bowels of the cat, but from the intestines of calves. I knew that fact long ago; but, comically enough, "H. I." does not seem to be aware that, in speaking of the hair of the horse and the bowels of the cat in connection with a fiddle and the bow, I was quoting from a comedy called "Wild Oats." I agree with "H. I." that it would be interesting to know how the evident misnomer catgut came to be applied to violin strings.

It is puzzling to read that "a cordial invitation to visit Australia next year, on the occasion of the Adelaide Jubilee Exhibition, has been forwarded through Sir Henry Loch and Lord Rosebery, to the Prince of Wales." It would be feasible enough for the Earl of Rosebery to be the medium of a general invitation from the Australasian colonies to his Royal Highness; but what on earth has his Excellency Sir Henry Loch got to do with the Adelaide Jubilee Exhibition? The distinguished personage whom I have just named is Governor of Victoria, of which the marvellous city of Melbourne is the capital; whereas Adelaide is the capital of South Australia, a colony which has a Governor and Commander-in-Chief, an Executive and Legislative Council, a Chief Justice, and a House of Assembly of her own. Victoria has nothing to do, constitutionally, fiscally, or financially, with South Australia; and none of the colonies are linked together by anything save a mere embryo outline of Federation, in which the mother colony of New South Wales steadily refuses to join.

A rapid river of Talk has been running lately about Imperial Federation. In my humble opinion, the vast majority of the talkers on this subject in England have but a very vague notion of what they are talking about. Imperial Federation, if it be a good thing, will come to pass some of these days. All good things come or will come to pass, if you only wait long enough for them. In the meantime, Inter-Colonial Federation, so far as the colonies at the Antipodes are concerned, might be accomplished in the near future. Then, when New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia, West Australia, Queensland, and Tasmania—New Zealand, *farà da se*—have agreed upon the election of a Federal Parliament, sitting alternately at Sydney and Melbourne; on the maintenance of a common fleet and a common army, ready for Inter-Colonial defence; when they have agreed to acknowledge a common postage-stamp, a common customs tariff, and a common bank-note, they may begin to think about Imperial Federation.

Those Colonials in the Colonies—do not attach much importance to talking Colonials in England, who are Radicals in Australia, and Tories here—who really desire Imperial Federation have a definite and practical idea of the nature of such an alliance. They want the mother country, by force of arms, if necessary, "to warn off" France from the New Hebrides; Germany from New Guinea and the Samoan Islands; and in fact, every Continental Power whatsoever, from Polynesia; and they would very much like to see a strong Imperial squadron continually cruising about in Australasian waters for the purpose of sinking, burning, and destroying any Russian cruiser that, whether it were in peace or war, should presume to come into the Pacific. If this be not the Australian Colonial's practical view of Imperial Federation, all I can say is that I was born on the Dam at Amsterdam and not in Hampshire Hog-lane, St. Giles's, W.C.; that my name is Van Dunk and not Smithers; and that I am a Dutchman and not a Cockney.

G. A. S.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

Every excuse is invariably put forward to account for a failure; whereas no heat of weather, no electioneering excitement, no summer gardens at South Kensington, no dull or dead season can possibly crush a success. At the very moment that managers are wringing their hands, and wondering what to do next in order to prevent a continuance of that grim farce, "Relâche," behold, they are actually turning money away from the Lyceum, where the finest spectacle is to be seen; from the Haymarket, where may be found the best example of modern drama; from the Strand, where the American actors and actresses are giving us comedy in its brightest and most exhilarating form. In every season, be it remembered, there are certain plays that must be seen. To go to a dinner party or garden fête and to be able to say nothing about "Faust," or "Jim the Penman," or "Nancy and Co.," is to argue yourself unknown and your theatrical education lamentably neglected. Dion Boucicault, when he was concerned in management, used to state that, granted "everyone"—a comprehensive term—was away holiday-making, or what not, at the seaside, or on the mountains, there were still several million people left in London, and ready to be amused. It would puzzle the very oldest inhabitant to quote any good play that has been killed by holiday weather, or one long run that has been obstinately interrupted. If we are to believe that, we must make up our minds that during August and September "Our Boys" and "The Private Secretary" were performed to a dead managerial loss; and that can scarcely be credited. The country cousins who come up to London to see the Exhibition do not go to South Kensington every night of the week: they have time to spare for "The Mikado" and "Faust," and an odd hour for the Tower of London and the Bethnal-Green Museum. They don't go home to the village or the rectory in a state of sublime ignorance as to what is going on in London. At the same time, these country cousins are pretty wideawake. They have to make the most of and to economise their time. They are not to be persuaded to sit out "The Fool's Revenge," indifferently acted at the Opéra Comique, or to take pretty amateurs at their own estimate; they are not to be beguiled with wasting their time over second-class burlesques or ill-considered comic operas. At this season of the year we witness on all sides a healthy example of the "survival of the fittest." The weakest entertainments go to the wall; the strong and hearty endure heat and defy elections.

"Nancy and Co." had not been produced a few hours before the remaining seats were booked for the end of the season. Good wine needs no bush, and all London is talking of Miss Ada Rehan's clever performance of the hysterical authoress, who, in her desire to be present on the first night of her own play, creates the most lamentable domestic discord. It has been fairly urged that these German plays are modelled pretty much on the same pattern. A party of estimable people are perpetually scheming to do a very proper and correct thing, and being misunderstood for so doing. Quite so. But we must remember that the leading motives that direct comedy are extremely limited, and as the Germans, like the English, like to keep their theatres pure and a rendezvous for the family circle—girls, boys, and all—it is inevitable that their dramatic ideas shall be circumscribed. The eternal string on which the French dramatist plays is systematically ignored by the Germans, so we detect the same current of interest in "The Boomerang," in "A Night Off," and in "Nancy and Co." In this last play, Miss Ada Rehan has shown her extreme versatility. She has proved that she can be pathetic as well as funny. Nancy, in her wild escapades, has unintentionally deceived and pained a very affectionate and trusty husband. The wife's remorse when she discovers the full effect of her madcap folly is very touching and sincere. Contrasted shortly and sharply with a nature wholly impulsive, the actress is able to make a very fine effect. The comedy of Mr. James Lewis is also of a high order. He plays the same kind of character, but never in the same kind of way. He is never Mr. James Lewis, but always the head of some distracted household, with a particular foible or eccentricity to exploit. The old gentleman, who has been a bit of a rake in his day, but is determined that his household shall be conducted on the most unexceptionable lines of prudery, is a clever study. Add to this the incomparable Mrs. Gilbert, the refined and gentlemanly John Drew, and the handsome Virginia Dreher, and you have not then exhausted the talent of the Daly company. One thing is quite certain, and that is that the American audiences like their eccentricity more strongly marked than do the English. Minor characters may indulge in frolics of caricature that here would be inadmissible. The careful and artistic way in which this company has toned down its marked style in obedience to a recognised law is very remarkable.

The only novelty that is promised in the immediate future is "The Jilt," a modern comedy-drama, by Dion Boucicault, that has been highly spoken of both in America and Australia. With this a new season will be started at the Prince's, Mrs. Langtry having said good-bye to a London audience, prior to her new American tour.

When we have seen the Pastoral Players, in a leafy wood at Wimbledon, in scenes from the Laureate's "Becket," and said farewell and *bon voyage* to Wilson Barrett, who is off to America to play Claudian, and Hamlet, and Clito; when we have renewed our acquaintance with one Jeremy Diddler in the person of Henry Irving, then will come the holiday time even for dramatic critics, who have been overdosed this year with matinees, trial trips, public performances of bad plays, and over-confident essays of ambitious young ladies. Then away to the sea, the mountain, the moorland, or the farm until the Emperor Augustus Druridan summons us back to home London, and a mountain pile of letters, on the eve of the production of the great racing, hunting, sporting, and character drama, that is to amuse London until—*absit omen*—the winter time and the reign of King Pantomime.

Already old friends are on the wing, and "Good-bye to the season" is heard on all sides. Clifford Harrison has recited for the twenty-fourth and last time to his admiring friends. Isidore De Lara has sung his last song, and the St. James's company has been seen at the Standard prior to country engagements which will last until late in the autumn. C. S.

At the rent audit held on the 9th inst., the Earl of Lytton returned 20 per cent on the rents due at Lady Day last.

OUR COLONIAL AND INDIAN VISITORS.

Among the entertainments recently given to our guests from India and the Colonies, the following may be noted:—

Cambridge University was yesterday week visited by a large party of the Commissioners of the Colonial and Indian Exhibition, and honorary degrees were conferred on many of them. The town vied with the University in according them a hearty welcome.

Baroness and Mr. Burdett-Coutts gave a garden party at Holly Lodge, Highgate, on the same day, to meet the members of the Congress of Chambers of Commerce of the Empire and the representatives of the Colonies and India. Considerably over one thousand five hundred guests responded to the invitations.

The Duke of Cambridge presided last Saturday evening at a complimentary dinner given by the Travellers' Club to some of the principal Colonial and Indian representatives connected with the Exhibition.

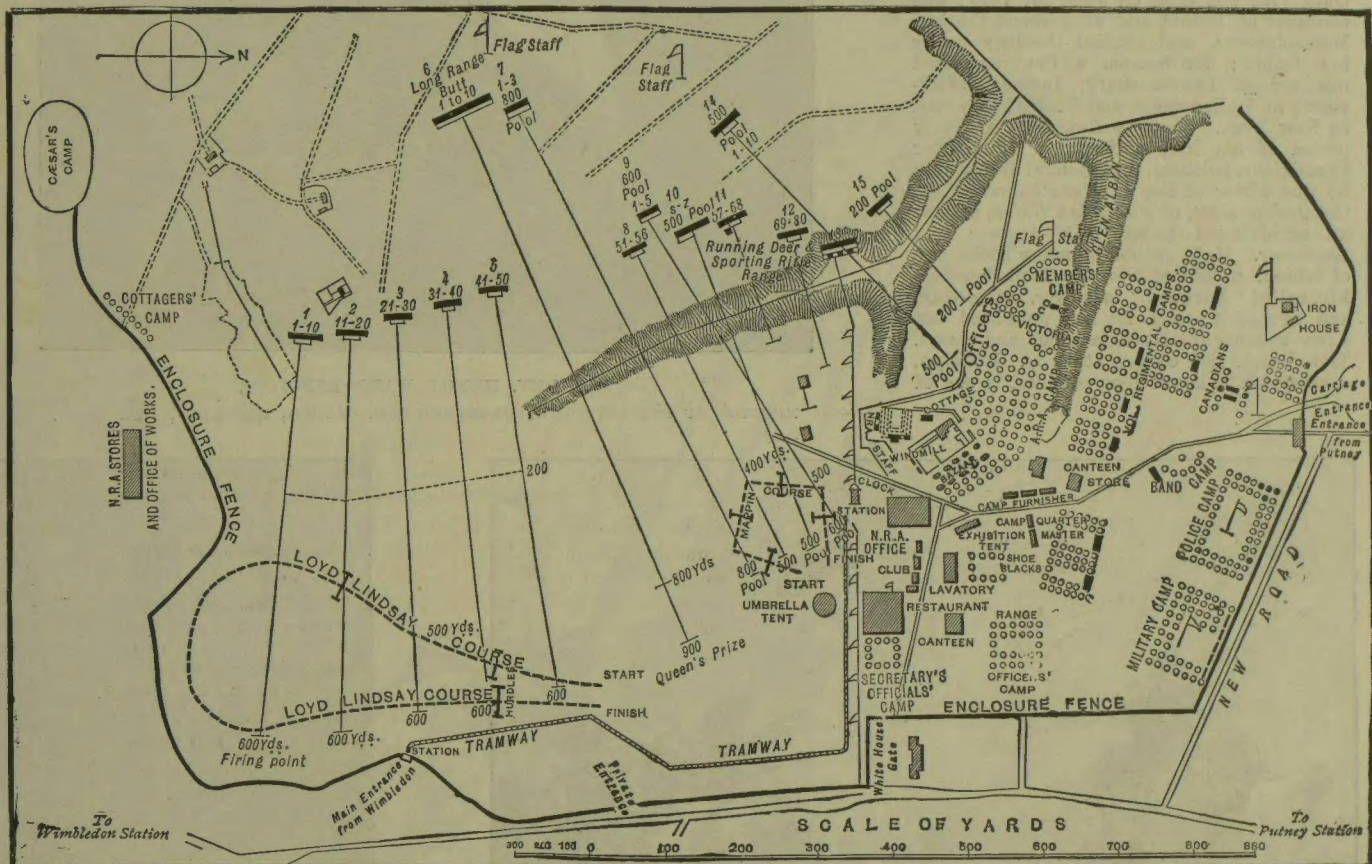
A party of the colonists who are visiting England were hospitably entertained on Tuesday afternoon at Knole Park, and cordially welcomed by Lord and Lady Sackville, who conducted them over the house.

Before the Royal United Service Institution on Monday, Sir Thomas Brassey read a paper on the subject of naval organisation for the defence of the colonies. He remarked that, as the larger colonies had grown in resources and population, they had exhibited a spirit of independence, and gradually assumed increased responsibilities. Canada had organised a militia, and the Australian colonies had undertaken the defence of their harbours, both by works on shore and a flotilla on the sea; but in the defence of their coasts and harbours by naval means the colonies could not as yet rely on their own resources. The building of ships was simply a matter of money, but the manning the ships efficiently was a far more difficult task. His suggestion was that cadets should be nominated by the Colonial Governments in sufficient numbers to supply the officers required for the Colonial naval service. With regard to the defence of our ocean trade, that

WIMBLEDON CAMP.

In many respects the great Volunteer gathering which dedicated itself to its patriotic work at the church parade on Sunday, and entered on Monday upon its honourable contests, will be among the most interesting that have been held. Its prize list is more munificent, its competitions more extensive, and its competitors more numerous and more fully representative of the entire British Empire than on any previous occasion. For most of the contests the entries exhibit an augmented total as compared with previous meetings, and a special interest belongs to the year, inasmuch as, by the presence of about eighty members of teams from Canada, Australia, India, and the Channel Islands, the camp will be fuller than ever before of representatives of the voluntary defensive forces not merely of these islands, but of the whole Empire.

In regard to the great event of the year, the Queen's Prize, the Council has raised the number of individual prizes from 300 to 400, the total amount to be distributed from £1960 to £2200; and, adopting the suggestion of Sergeant Gratwicke, of Exeter, have decided that henceforth the "Sixty" entitled to compete in the third stage shall become the "Hundred." The champion shot will of course carry off the National Rifle Association's gold medal and badge plus £250, the second £60, the third £40, the fourth £30, the fifth £20, the ten next in order £15 each, thirty £12 each, fifteen £10, twenty £8, and twenty £5. To the remaining 300 will be awarded sums of £4, £3, and £2 each. To the highest scorer in the first and second stage will be awarded the silver medal and badge, and to the highest in the first stage the bronze medal and badge. One necessary effect of the change is a reduction in the number of rounds per man from fifteen at 800 and 900 yards distance to ten at each range. The places of the "Hundred" in the final stage will be determined upon the principle introduced last year—the aggregate scores in the first and second stages. The entries for the Queen's Prize number about 2400, nearly one hundred more than in 1885. Among the remaining prizes, it may be mentioned that the Tyro's, given in connection with the Queen's, have been



MAP OF THE WIMBLEDON CAMP AND RANGES OF THE NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION.

could be accomplished, not only more efficiently, but far more cheaply by the Imperial Navy than by the divided fleets of the colonies. As a preliminary and practical step, the Governments of the Australian colonies should be invited to send representatives to a conference, at which all the contingencies of war should be carefully reviewed, and the naval strength to be provided be determined; and the cost should be estimated and apportioned as between the mother country and the colonies. By this means a basis would be made for the mutual defence of the Empire, and the first step would have been taken in the direction of Imperial federation.

Viscount Wolseley presided on Monday afternoon at a conference held in the Colonial and Indian Exhibition, at which Sir Robert Biddulph gave a lecture on the changes which had been accomplished in Cyprus since its occupation by the British in 1878. The reforms had been for years urged upon the Turkish Government, but it had taken the English four years to carry them into effect. The system had given great satisfaction, and it was a model for any Eastern country. Lord Wolseley said Cyprus was of great value as a sanatorium, and he believed the island would become a model province.

For the entertainment of our Indian and Colonial visitors, arrangements have been made for a great naval display at Spithead near the close of this month.

Lady Archibald Campbell's Pastoral Players, who last year gave "As You Like It" with such marked effect, will this year appear in an adaptation of Lord Tennyson's "Becket." The arrangement, literary and artistic, of the play has been left to Mr. E. W. Godwin, who has given to his love pastoral the title of "Fair Rosamund," and who will doubtless transform the Canizzaro Woods at Wimbledon into a life-like resemblance of England in the days of Henry II.

The fresh issue of *Dramatic Notes* amply sustains the excellent reputation this interesting work has already achieved. The aim of the author has been to give a brief, but not the less a critical, summary of the various new productions and important revivals which constitute the dramatic history of the year; and as a kind of appendix to this valuable fund of information, there is a variety of indices, so ingeniously arranged as to readily solve any one of those numberless little difficulties which beset the path of the stage historian. Mr. Austin Brereton, sound critic and keen, judicious writer, provides the letterpress, and Messrs. Carson and Comerford are the publishers.

increased from £175 to £185; the St. George's in number from 135 to 155, and in value from £695 to £745; the Alfred Martini-Henry competition from £350 to £400; the All-Comers' and the Volunteers' each from £250 to £300. The title of the Army and Navy Challenge Cup has been enlarged into that of the "Army, Navy, Marines, and Militia Challenge Cup," and is now thrown open to all ranks in these services. Of greater interest probably to the general public will be the increased attention shown in camp to skilled marksmanship against moving objects. Attention to this important branch of the use of the rifle has been growing year by year, and has aroused more and more enthusiasm among volunteers.

In spite of the unfavourable weather on Monday—steady rain falling during a large portion of the day—there was capital shooting in the various competitions; some half-dozen "highest possibles" having been registered. The Humphry Cup contest, one of the two competitions finished during the day, has again gone to Oxford. It is shot for by teams of four men with match rifles, at ranges of 800, 900, and 1000 yards, fifteen shots being fired at each. Last year the cup was won by Oxford by forty-six points; but on Monday the shooting was much closer, the Oxford men eventually winning the cup by fourteen points. A deputation of Frenchmen brought a prize offered by the French Government, and invited English riflemen to be present at the Concours National, to be held at Vincennes next month.

There was a great improvement in the weather on Tuesday, and very good shooting was made in the competitions. The programme included the 200 yards range of the first stage for the Queen's Prize, for which there are upwards of 2400 competitors. Several good scores were made, the best in the first range for the Queen's Prize shot from the shoulder at 200 yards being that of Mr. Coulthurst—34 out of a possible 35. Several competitors scored 33 points. Private Winner, 2nd Sussex, made the highest score, 33, in the Alfred Competition.

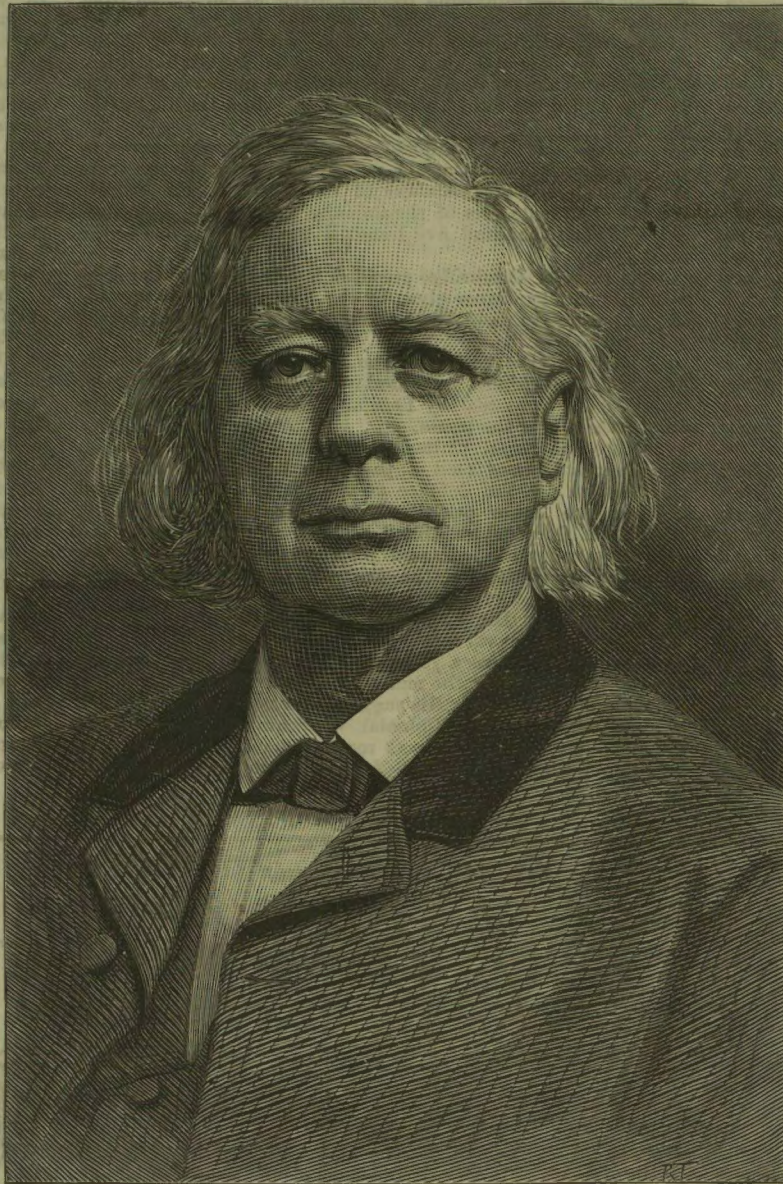
A heavy storm of wind and rain swept over the Camp on Wednesday morning. The principal business of the day was the shooting at 500 yards in the first stage of the Queen's Prize competition.

Visitors to the Camp of Volunteer Rifle Corps and the shooting-ground of the National Rifle Association on Wimbledon-common will be assisted by consulting the above Plan, which shows the position of the tents occupied by the different offices, those of Members of the Association, and those of the Volunteer regiments, with the ranges for shooting at various distances, and the butts where the targets are placed.

REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

The visit of this popular American preacher and public speaker on various topics, evangelical, social, and political, to England at the present season, has drawn large audiences to the City Temple in Holborn. In 1863, when British opinion was divided upon the merits and probable issue of the American Civil War, Mr. Ward Beecher's speeches at Exeter Hall were of some effect in convincing people that it really was a contest for the abolition of slavery, which the attitude of the Federal Government at the outset had rendered somewhat doubtful. The true genius, and the "enthusiasm of humanity," with which his sister, Mrs. Beecher Stowe, had some years before exposed the cruelty and the shame of that baneful system in her great work of romance, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," had made a profound impression on the hearts and minds of all classes of our people. Few or none among those here who were inclined to deprecate the forcible reconquest of the Southern States could fairly be accused of regarding the evils of negro slavery with indifference; but they doubted, when the war began, the intention of the ruling party in the Northern States to effect Abolition; and Mr. Ward Beecher's mission served, by removing some erroneous notions upon this score, to win considerably increased moral support for the cause of the Union.

The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, who has during nearly forty years been minister of the "Plymouth Congregational Church" at Brooklyn, New York, is the fourth son of the Rev. Dr. Lyman Beecher, of Connecticut, who was sometime Principal of a theological seminary near Cincinnati, in the State of Ohio. He was born on June 24, 1813; was educated at Boston and at Amherst College, Massachusetts, and studied theology under his father; he became a Congregational minister at Laurenceburg, Indiana, afterwards at Indianapolis, and in 1847 removed to New York. He was also, from an early period of his life, a frequent contributor to religious, political, and general literature; he was editor of the *Cincinnati Journal*, of the *Independent*, of *Christian Union*, and of an agricultural paper, *The Farmer and Gardener*. He is author of many books, one of which, a tale of New England domestic life, called "Norwood," is clever, interesting, and agreeable; and he has published not a few volumes of lectures, sermons, and essays. The church and congregation at Brooklyn, over which he has so long presided, is one of



THE REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER,
MINISTER OF THE PLYMOUTH CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

the largest in the United States, and seems to set a high value on his ministrations, but it is understood to have withdrawn, on account of a doctrinal difference, from the American Association of Churches adopting the "Congregational" or "Independent" form of ecclesiastical organisation. Mr. Ward Beecher is unquestionably a man of vigorous originality of mind, and a strong, broad, platform orator, who has much to say upon a wide range of subjects beyond the religious views and sentiments of his professional calling.

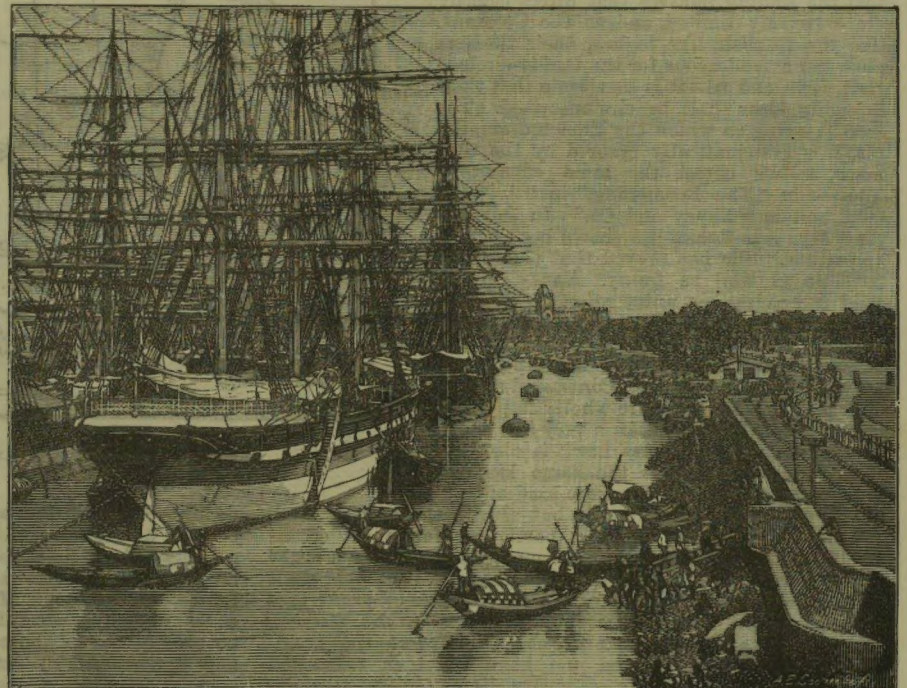
"HIS FATHER'S HOUSE."

The attitude and countenance of the aged rustic labourer, humbly seated in a corner of the village church where he is unobserved by the rest of the congregation, betoken patient and trustful waiting on the mercy of the Universal Parent, in whose eternal kindness and absolute wisdom he has a faith that makes him, spiritually, perhaps the richest man in the parish. In all countries and in all ages of Christendom, there are more of such persons than the world is ever likely to know, and more than can be ascertained by any system of ecclesiastical statistics. The Parson may know this one of his flock, or may know nothing about him but his name and his cottage dwelling; the Squire and the Farmer have paid him wages, or may even have contributed to relieve the necessities of his family in a hard winter, or in a time of sickness; the Guardians of the Poor may have granted him a weekly dole from the rates. He has had children, who are doing what they can for themselves, but one brave boy, who was slain on some African battlefield, and the fairest of his daughters, who was led astray and lost in London. The old man would feel tolerably lonely, in these latter days of his long and toilsome life, were not his heart sustained by frequent converse with the Father of Spirits, not only here in the house of public worship, but in the field and by the roadside, in his down-sittings and uprisings, and in the nightly visitations of his soul by Divine thoughts, prompting him to repeat that comforting word of the Psalmist, "God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever."

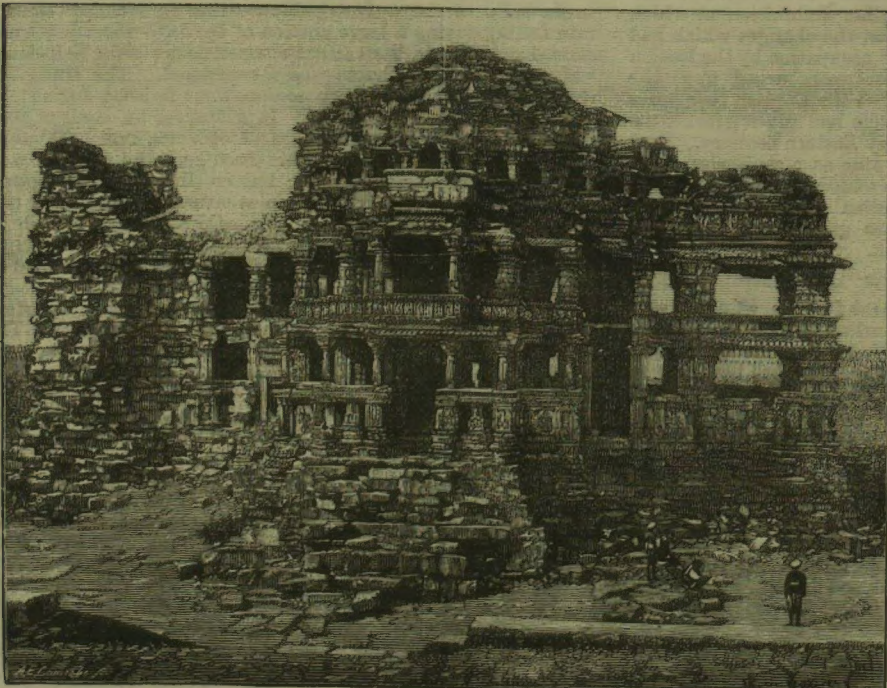
Yesterday week the New Dutch Almshouses and Convalescent Home, situated at Old Charlton, near Woolwich, were opened by the Countess Charles Van Bylandt.



VILLAGE SCENE IN BENGAL.



SHIPPING AT CALCUTTA.



ANCIENT TEMPLE IN THE FORT AT GWALIOR.



FOREST SCENE AT DARJEELING.

THE COLONIAL AND INDIAN EXHIBITION: THE INDIAN EMPIRE.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF INDIAN SCENES.



1885

HIS FATHER'S HOUSE.—DRAWN BY GUNNING KING.

Promenade Concerts are again to be given at Covent-Garden Theatre this autumn, beginning on August 14, under the lessorship of Mr. W. F. Thomas, and conducted by Mr. V. Gwyllyn Crowe, as before.

THE MANCHESTER SHIP CANAL.

In February, 1883, we published a full description of the leading features of the projected Manchester Ship Canal, accompanied by a bird's-eye view of its whole course, with plans of the docks and other illustrations of this grand undertaking. At that time the promoters were on the eve of the commencement of a prolonged and costly series of Parliamentary conflicts, extending over four sessional campaigns; the proceedings of the six Parliamentary Select Committees occupied 175 days, during which 543 examinations of witnesses were made, and no less than 87,936 questions were put and answered. The Manchester Ship Canal Act (48 and 49 Vic., cap. 118) received the Royal Assent on Aug. 6, 1885. The Act incorporates the Manchester Ship Canal Company for two principal objects, and for other purposes:—1. To construct a ship canal from the deep water of the Mersey Estuary, at Eastham, near Liverpool, by way of Ellesmere Port, Weston Point, and Runcorn, to Warrington, Salford, and Manchester, for the largest ocean steamers, with docks at Manchester, Salford, and Warrington, and other incidental works. 2. To purchase the entire interest of the Bridgewater Navigation Company, Limited, the price of which is fixed by the Act at £1,710,000. The Bridgewater Navigation system includes the Bridgewater Canals, the Runcorn and Weston Canal, the Mersey and Irwell Navigation, the Runcorn Docks, and the Duke's Dock at Liverpool, with wharves, warehouses, lands, and buildings. The authorised share capital of the Manchester Ship Canal Company is £8,000,000, with borrowing powers to the extent of £1,812,000, making the total authorised capital £9,812,000: a sum sufficient to enable the Company to complete the construction of the works, to pay interest during their construction, and to carry into effect all the objects of the Act, and to leave an ample surplus. A further bill authorising the payment by the Manchester Ship Canal Company of interest at the rate of 4 per cent per annum to shareholders during the construction of the works became law, and received the Royal Assent as an Act of Parliament on June 26, 1886.

Messrs. Lucas and Aird have entered into a contract with the Company to construct the entire works authorised, in four years, for the sum of £5,750,000, or £561,137 under the engineer's estimate.

Ship canals are now engaging the attention of capitalists in various parts of the world, owing much to the great success of the Suez Canal. It is clear that a large water-way, over which steamers of great capacity can pass, affords the readiest and much the cheapest mode of transit. Water is the only medium on which traffic can pass without wear and tear, and heavy cost of maintenance. Railways, tramways, and roads of every description deteriorate in the same ratio as the weight of traffic carried over them; and large water-ways alone possess the great advantage of being able to double or treble their traffic without any appreciable increased cost of repair. In fact, the Suez Canal doubled its traffic, while the working expenses remained almost stationary, notwithstanding that it was originally constructed of a width of only 78 ft. at bottom, which necessitates passing places and detention of traffic at those points. The engineers of the Manchester Ship Canal (Mr. James Abernethy and Mr. E. Leader Williams) have designed that work with a minimum bottom width of 120 ft., which will enable the largest class of steamers to pass at any point. In actual working, however, this will rarely occur, as steamers leaving Manchester will be out of the Canal and in the Mersey, near Liverpool, before the large inward-bound steamers have entered the Canal. The necessity for large steamers passing over the bar at the mouth of the Mersey at or near high water will so regulate the traffic that large vessels will, as a rule, pass each other in the Mersey between the Canal entrance locks at Eastham and the sea.

Another point in which the Manchester Ship Canal differs from the Suez Canal is in having locks to raise the shipping using the Canal from the sea level to the level of the quays of the Manchester and Salford Docks—a rise of about 60 ft. M. Lesseps, no doubt, exercised a wise discretion in constructing the Suez Canal without locks. The seas he joined were practically on one level, the sand excavation was easy, and cheap labour was abundant. The rise of tide in the Suez Canal is slight, and does not interfere with the navigation. How far he has been wise in adopting the same course for the Panama Canal remains yet to be seen. Most of his difficulties in the construction of that work have arisen through his not adopting locks, and it appears probable they must yet be resorted to before the Canal is made. The ship canals to Amsterdam and to Ghent have both been lately constructed, and with locks, and not the slightest difficulty has arisen in navigating those canals. Hardly a dock in the world is without an entrance lock; and the Manchester Ship Canal will virtually be a series of four long docks joined by locks. The advantage thus gained will be very considerable. Goods will be delivered at once at quay level. Steamers navigating the Canal above Warrington will be out of all tidal currents and in slack water. Side docks or lay-byes can be formed at any points without gates or expensive entrances, and therefore shipping will always load or discharge with great facility. The cost of the work will be largely reduced by the adoption of locks, and therefore the Company will be able to charge low tolls for the use of the Canal. In fact the maximum tolls that can be levied under the Act are about half the present charges for carriage and dock dues. These tolls, owing to the low cost of maintenance of the Canal, will secure a highly remunerative return to investors.

The district through which the Manchester Ship Canal passes is rich in mineral and great industries. At Widnes and Runcorn there are large chemical works, while St. Helens is near and is united by canal to the Mersey. At Warrington the ironworks are on a large scale, and a great weight of wire and other goods is yearly exported. The docks at Weston Point are joined to the great Cheshire salt-field, by the Weaver Navigation, over which a million tons of salt passes per annum for exportation. At Runcorn, the Ship Canal Company will be the owners of the Bridgewater Docks, which are connected with the Staffordshire potteries and coal and iron industries by the Trent and Mersey and Bridgewater Canals. At Partington and Barton, the Wigan and Worsley coal-fields are only a few miles from the Ship Canal, to which they will be joined by existing railway and canal systems. The Partington coal basin will be only about thirty miles from the Yorkshire coal-field, which at present has no available outlet on the west coast. At Manchester the docks will be on a large scale, with several miles of quays, with ample shed accommodation. These docks are close to the great railway systems, and are united to the River Irwell, from which canals proceed throughout Yorkshire, Cheshire, and Staffordshire; which districts will be largely benefited by the Ship Canal. Nowhere, in or out of England, is there such a population and such an amount of trade, and there can be little doubt that much of it will be absorbed by the Ship Canal. Along its banks will be centred the great factories of the future. The facility with which imported materials will be at once

moved from shipping without further carriage or break of bulk into manufactories and works, and reshipped when required, must give an advantage to Lancashire trade which it will not be slow to develop, and which will react on the country generally.

It is understood that the contractors will lay thirty-five miles of railway along the route of the Canal, to expedite the progress of the works, and will have upon these lines 3000 waggons, worked by eighty locomotives. The works will be carried on continuously by day and by night, with relays of labour, and will involve the employment of something like 20,000 men. In order to facilitate the night work, the works will be illuminated by the electric light. The contract being in the hands of so capable a firm as Messrs. Lucas and Aird, who have successfully executed some of the most extensive works in the world, is a sufficient guarantee that the Canal will be completed within the appointed time; so that by the middle of 1890, thanks to the persistent energy of Mr. Daniel Adamson and his colleagues, Manchester will be able to enter upon a new and important development, and will ere long add to her other distinctions that of being one of the great ports of the world. There can be no question that, allowing for a few years' operation of the Ship Canal, Manchester, as the commercial emporium of a district which, it can be established, is concerned to the extent of 60 per cent of the entire foreign trade of England and Wales, is bound to make her mark among the sea havens of the world. The port of Liverpool, whose traffic mainly depends upon the Manchester district, has more than seven times the volume of traffic required to make the Manchester Ship Canal a financial success. In answer to those who contend that it will not pay, the Duke of Bridgewater's canal, more than a century ago, and the Manchester and Liverpool Railway, were met with the same objection. The fact that the Manchester Ship Canal will afford the most convenient accommodation for large steamers over an area of 7500 square miles, with a population of 7,000,000, is sufficient to establish the financial prosperity of this great enterprise.

From the balcony of the great tower of that palatial municipal edifice, the Manchester Townhall, a commanding view might be obtained, if the atmosphere were clear, of the entire route of the Manchester Ship Canal, from its commencement at Eastham to its terminus, about a mile from the Manchester Royal Exchange. Looking in a direction generally west by south, one might see, lying almost at the foot of the tower, the extensive series of docks and wharfage accommodation, extending from what is known as the Woden-street foot-bridge to Barton-upon-Irwell, a distance of between three and four miles. In the Manchester and Salford Docks alone there will be three miles of lineal quay frontage, in addition to about six miles of quays fronting the river between Manchester and Barton-upon-Irwell. Along these quays, hundreds of vessels will find accommodation.

Extending our vision to the outer extremity of the harbour of Manchester at Barton, we should see the Bridgewater Canal crossing the line of the Ship Canal; this will be effected by an aqueduct, crossing at the same level as the original aqueduct, constructed with two spans, one of which will consist of a caisson or trough, which will be movable on a centre, like an ordinary swing bridge. The ends of the trough, and of the aqueduct upon which the trough closes, will be provided with water-tight gates, to prevent the escape of water while the trough is turned. At Barton there will be one of the sets of locks and sluices. At this point there will also be barge-lifts and coal-tips, so that traffic can be transferred direct into the barges from one canal to the other, or coal can be tipped direct from boats into the ship.

Looking a little further, we perceive another set of locks and sluices, at Irlam; and on the left bank of the canal, just below the Irlam locks, the Ship Canal will receive the accession of the waters of the Mersey, this being the point of the confluence of the Irwell and the Mersey. On the same side of the river, and just below the point last mentioned, is Partington, where there will be a basin for loading coal from high-level tips, with branch railways connecting the Ship Canal with the system of the Cheshire Lines Committee. Provision will thus be made for a large trade in coal.

Again, extending our range of view from Partington to Latchford, a distance of about six miles, there will be the last set of the series of locks, by which vessels will be raised from the level of the ordinary tidal portions of the Canal to the level of the docks at Manchester.

The next point of interest is the Warrington Dock, which branches from the Ship Canal about a mile and a half below the Latchford locks. It will be a commodious dock, being about twenty-five acres in extent of water area. At Warrington, the Ship Canal will be connected by branch railways with the London and North-Western and the Great Western Railway systems.

Runcorn, about seven miles below the Warrington Dock, is the next important point on the route. Besides the Runcorn Docks and other properties, the Ship Canal will be at this point connected with the London and North-Western Railway, the Runcorn and Weston Canal, the Runcorn and Latchford Canal, and, via the river Mersey, with the town of Widnes and the Sankey Navigation.

Immediately below Runcorn are the Weston Point Docks and the Weaver Navigation, with which the Ship Canal will be connected. Five miles below Weston Point, the Ship Canal will pass in front of Ellesmere Port, where it will be connected with the Shropshire Union Canals and with the London and North-Western and Great Western Railway systems. Three miles further on, at Eastham, will be the tidal gates of entrance to the Ship Canal. These will be worked as locks, at low water, so that large vessels can enter and leave at almost any state of the tide, instead of only during forty minutes at each tide, as at Liverpool. The sill of the largest entrance lock will have 10 ft. greater depth of water over it than the deepest entrance at Liverpool. Small vessels will be able to enter and leave at any time.

Vessels will navigate the Manchester Ship Canal, with safety, at a speed of five miles an hour; and it is estimated that the passage from the entrance at Eastham to Manchester will be accomplished in eight hours, which is much less time than is now taken to cart goods from ship to rail in Liverpool, and to carry them by rail to Manchester. A large port will be created at Manchester, which will be more than thirty miles nearer to the great manufacturing districts of Lancashire, to the West Riding of Yorkshire, and to Cheshire, Staffordshire, and Derbyshire. Foreign produce, Irish, Scotch, and other merchandise brought by the coasting traffic, will be delivered direct into the greatest consuming district of England, probably the greatest in the world. Manchester is not only the centre of the cotton trade, but it has also very large provision, corn, cattle, and fish markets. Large quantities, however, of the provisions, corn, and timber consumed in the Manchester district, though sold in the Manchester markets, are stored at the ports of Liverpool, Fleetwood, Hull, Grimsby, Goole, and West Hartlepool. The cost and loss of time in trans-shipment, and in the transit from those ports to Manchester, cripples the trade of the district, and imposes a heavy burden on the public, which will be relieved by the Manchester Ship Canal.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

The late House of Commons, cut off in the flower of its youth had already lived long enough to show itself an exceptionally capable and hard-working Legislature. Amongst its achievements, it passed two measures of great consequence in the reform of "woman's law"; measures, however, blotted and defaced by scant justice to the one sex, and ample privilege to the other.

The first of the two referred to is the Custody and Guardianship of Children Act. By this new act English mothers are, for the first time, recognised in English law as being the relations of their own children. Before, as one of the Judges put it in the famous Agar-Ellis appeal case, the law recognised only the father and the children. Now the law advances so far as to make a mother guardian of her own children after their father's death, though only jointly with any other person whom the father may appoint; while, on the other hand, a mother cannot appoint a joint guardian with the father after her death, but can only "provisionally nominate" one who will be allowed to act if a Judge should consider the father shown to be unfit to have sole charge of his children. Then the mother may apply to the Court for an order about the custody of or access to her infants; and the Court, in deciding, shall have regard not only to the welfare of the child, but to the wishes of both mother and father. The mother is still not the guardian of her child jointly with its father, nor guardian alone after his death, except by his pleasure. Nevertheless, this is a step onward. Mr. Bryce and Lord Fitzgerald are the members of the Lower and the Upper House, respectively, to whom we are chiefly indebted for this Act.

Mr. Palley's Maintenance in Case of Desertion Bill is the second of the important changes made in "woman's law" in the late Session. It also, though a vast improvement on the old state, illustrates the difficulty of getting equal justice for the unrepresented sex from the House of Commons. Under the old law, a deserted wife could only compel her husband, however wealthy he might be, to contribute at all to her support, or that of his children, by going into the workhouse, when the parish could get a pauper's allowance for the family from the husband and father—

You may leave your wife, with her children six,
In a ditch to starve and pine;
And another man's take, in a palace rich,
With jewels and gold to shine—

as Edmund Yates quotes from Brough's almost forgotten poems. This barbarous state of the law is a little altered by the new Act, which empowers magistrates, on a deserted wife's application, to give her a maintenance order on her husband "for such weekly sum, not exceeding two pounds, as the magistrates may consider to be in accordance with his means, and with any means the wife may have for her support and that of her children."

There are two most objectionable points in this clause. It throws the primary burden of supporting the family on the wife. Nature made man the bread-winner, woman the child-bearer and tender. The father ought always to contribute to the extent of his means to the up-bringing of the children for whose life he is responsible; what the mother may be able and willing to add on her own account to the bread-winning side of the mutual account ought not to come within the purview of the law at all. The order ought to be in accordance with the man's means; his wife's means not properly coming into the question. Again, the sum fixed, £2 weekly, is absurd. It is totally inadequate to keep "your wife, and her children six" out of "the ditch" of miserable poverty; yet it is the full amount which can be ordered from a wealthy man. Moreover, to make the unfairness more glaring, the husband is entitled to return to his wife when and for so long as he may please, and to compel her to add another little helpless being to the family which he leaves to starve; for the House cut out the provision which Mr. Palley inserted, that the magistrates might give the deserted wife a separation order, freeing her from the compulsion of receiving her husband back when he chooses to return. Finally, the wife's allowance can be withdrawn if at any time, after however many years of desertion, she be unfaithful to the man who mocks at her fidelity.

This is not the place—nor, perhaps, has the hour yet come—for me to say out quite exactly what I think about things like this. But I may venture to say this—that men should be thoroughly ashamed to contrast their laws for honourable women with their laws for those whom they teach us to consider as degraded. This very Act says that the wife's allowance for her family shall be recoverable by her from her husband "in the same manner as the payments are enforced, under an order of affiliation." Oh, the disgrace of it! the shame of it, to the men who make the laws! Then, the wife's means are asked before the order is made—the immoral mother's are not; and the latter is not required to remain celibate for the man who has tired of her—as the wife is. Thus do men make our laws.

The people at South Kensington have developed a magnificent pachydermatousness to public opinion. The smells of the present Exhibition are notorious; and the statement that typhoid fever has been incurred there by both guests and exhibitors has been made in print, and has not drawn forth any assuring sanitary certification. Then the meals are being justly subjected to criticism in a London daily paper, and they are truly deserving of the worst that is said against them. The Quadrant dinner is fair, but far too dear for what is supplied; and the wine list is outrageous. The three-and-sixpenny dinner is almost uneatable. The fact is that the contractors had to pay too high a price for their monopoly to be able to give a "fair pennyworth for the penny." But who gets the money? As the affair is made quasi-public by a Royal Commission, and by the vast correspondence being carried gratis through the Post Office, the public have a right to know something about the matter.

Black currants, red currants, stoned cherries, and half-ripe gooseberries, make good fruit-cakes for dessert, and now is the time for them. Scald the fruit by pouring on it boiling water, and letting it stand for half-an-hour, keeping warm. Pound the fruit in a mortar, with the same weight of sugar. Put in paper cases, or mould into forms, and put in a cool oven, leaving them there till dry. To put them in over night is a good plan, and they will be done when the oven is hot next morning, as a rule. They must be kept in tin boxes.

F. F.-M.

General Lord William Paulet, G.C.B., has been made a Field-Marshal; and Colonel F. G. Curtis, of the Inniskilling Dragoons, has been appointed Deputy Adjutant and Quarter-master-General on the Staff in South Africa.

The whole of the Wimbledon Camp is lighted by Defries' safety lamps and safety mineral oil, the result being a brilliant illumination, obtained at a saving of four-fifths of what gas would have cost. The lamps are made on the company's newly-patented principle, whereby the oil is placed outside and on top of the lantern. The effect of this arrangement is that the flame is always at the same height, every drop of oil is consumed, and there is no shadow cast.

MANCHESTER SHIP CANAL: LIVERPOOL TO WARRINGTON.
RUNCORN AND WIDNES.

BIRKENHEAD. LIVERPOOL. WARRINGTON.



Eastham Locks: Entrance to Ship Canal. Elmore Port.

River Weaver Navigation, and Docks.

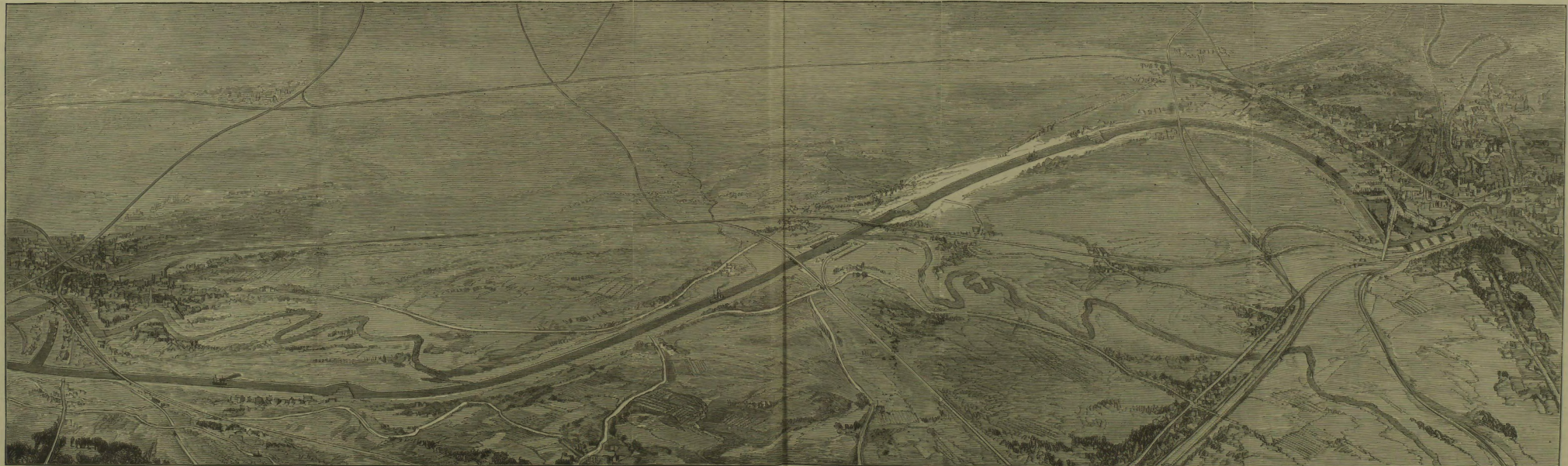
Runcorn Docks and Bridge.

Warrington Dock.

Latchford Locks.

MANCHESTER SHIP CANAL: WARRINGTON TO MANCHESTER.

WARRINGTON. MANCHESTER.



Warrington Dock.

Latchford Locks.

Cheshire Lines Railway and Portington Coal Basin. Irlam Locks.

River Mersey. Barton Locks, and Canal Aqueduct.

Manchester and Salford Docks.

THE MANCHESTER SHIP CANAL: BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF ITS COURSE, FROM LIVERPOOL TO MANCHESTER.

THE COURT.

Her Majesty enjoys good health, and takes walks and drives daily. At Windsor Castle on Wednesday week the Queen decorated Trooper John Waterston, of the Royal Horse Guards, with the medal for distinguished conduct in the field, on account of his exceptionally efficient service in the Nile campaign. The Queen received on Thursday a large number of natives of her Majesty's dominions who have come to England to take part in the Colonial and Indian Exhibition. Forty-three of them were from India; and, bowing to the ground, they offered presents of gold and silver, which her Majesty touched and returned. The Cingalese offered presents of ivory. The Queen, accompanied by Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, was present at a garden party given by the Prince and Princess of Wales at Marlborough House on Saturday. Her Majesty and the Royal family attended Divine service at the Royal Mausoleum on Sunday morning. The Bishop of Ripon, assisted by the Very Rev. the Dean of Windsor, officiated; the Bishop preached. His Lordship had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family. Princess Louise, the Marquis of Lorne, and the Prince of Leiningen arrived at Windsor Castle on Monday on a visit to the Queen. The Queen gave an audience on Tuesday to two Indian artisans from the Colonial and Indian Exhibition; both wore their native costumes. They were accompanied by Dr. Tyler.

By command of the Queen, a State Ball was given yesterday week at Buckingham Palace. The Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by members of the Royal family, conducted by the Earl of Kenmare, K.P. (Lord Chamberlain), and attended by the great officers of state, the Acting Mistress of the Robes, and the ladies and gentlemen of the household in waiting, entered the saloon shortly after eleven o'clock, when the dancing commenced. The Princess of Wales wore a corsage of white and silver brocade over a jupe of white poulte de soie, veiled in white and silver tulle and looped with bunches of white ostrich feathers; head-dress, a tiara of diamonds; ornaments, pearls and diamonds; orders, Victoria and Albert, the Crown of India, St. Catherine of Russia, and the Danish family order. Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein wore a ball-dress of white and yellow brocade, with underskirt of yellow tulle covered with Brussels lace; head-dress, tiara of diamonds; ornaments, a necklace of diamonds and diamond stars; orders, the Victoria and Albert, the Crown of India, and the Royal Red Cross. Princess Louise of Wales wore a dress of white tulle, prettily trimmed with ribbons and pink moss-roses; corsage of white faille trimmed with roses and tulle; ornaments, diamonds and pearls; order, Victoria and Albert. Mr. Liddell's full orchestra was in attendance, conducted by Mr. Liddell.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by Princess Louise, returned to Marlborough House on Friday, the 9th inst., from visiting Earl and Countess Cadogan at Rutland Cottage, Newmarket. The Prince and Princess gave a garden party to the Queen at Marlborough House last Saturday afternoon. Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Angustenburg, the Duke of Cambridge, the Comte and Comtesse de Paris, the Duc d'Orléans and Princess Hélène d'Orléans, Princess Mary Adelaide (Duchess of Teck), the Duke of Teck, Princess Victoria of Teck and Prince Adolphus of Teck, the Duke of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Angustenburg, Vice-Admiral the Prince of Leiningen and the Princess of Leiningen, Prince Fushimi of Japan, Prince and Princess Victor of Hohenlohe, Countess Gleichen, and Count A. E. Gleichen were also present. The bands of the 2nd Life Guards and of the 1st West India Regiment were in attendance; and Russian historical national songs were given by Dmitri Slaviansky's Russian choir. On Sunday morning the Prince and Princess, accompanied by Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, were present at Divine service. The Prince and Princess, accompanied by their daughters, Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud of Wales, and suite, left Marlborough House on Monday morning for Sandringham, where they remained during the Royal Agricultural Show week. On Tuesday the Prince and Princess, with their three daughters, went from Sandringham to Norwich to visit the show of the Royal Agricultural Society, where the Prince presided at the annual meeting of the society, being supported by the Duke of Richmond and the Earl of Leicester. The Prince and Princess after the meeting entertained a large party to luncheon in the president's pavilion, and subsequently visited the various parts of the show before returning to Sandringham.

Prince Albert Victor of Wales, Princess Mary (Duchess of Teck), and Princess Victoria of Teck honoured Sir Algernon and Lady Borthwick by their company at dinner on Monday.

MARRIAGES IN HIGH LIFE.

The marriage of Mr. Richard James Graham, eldest son of Sir Frederick and Lady Hermione Graham, of Netherby, with his cousin, Miss Olivia Baring, youngest daughter of Lieutenant-General Charles Baring, took place on the 8th inst., at St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge. Mr. W. Anstruther-Thomson (Royal Horse Guards) acted as the bridegroom's best man; and the six attendant bridesmaids were Miss Hilda Graham, sister of the bridegroom, the Ladies Helen and Cynthia Duncombe, Lady Evelyn Curzon, Miss Sophia Graham, and Miss Ruth Thynne, cousins of the bride. The service was fully choral.

The marriage of the Rev. Barton R. V. Mills, son of Mr. Arthur Mills, late M.P. for Exeter, with Lady Catherine Hobart Hampden, eldest daughter of the late Lord Hobart, and sister of the Earl of Buckinghamshire, was celebrated in St. Michael's Church, Chester-square, last Saturday afternoon. The bridegroom was attended by Mr. Arnold Wise as best man; and there were seven bridesmaids—Ladies Victoria and Vere Hobart Hampden (sisters) and Miss Gertrude Hobart Hampden (cousin of the bride), Miss F. Bere and Miss Hart Davis (cousins of the bridegroom), Miss Constance Smith, and Miss Lettice Smith-Bosanquet. In the absence of the Earl of Buckinghamshire (who is abroad, settling the affairs of his late uncle, Hobart Pasha), the bride was given away by her mother, Lady Hobart.

The marriage of Mr. D. Cooper, eldest son of Sir Daniel Cooper, Bart., to Miss Grant-Suttie, daughter of the late Sir James Grant-Suttie, Bart., and Lady Susan Grant-Suttie, and niece of the Duke of Roxburghe, was solemnised on Monday morning at the Scottish National Church, Pont-street, Belgravia. The Duke of Roxburghe gave the bride away. There were seven bridesmaids—Miss Victoria Grant-Suttie, sister of the bride; the Hon. Beatrice Dalrymple, niece of the bride; the Misses Ella and Margaret Green, and the Misses Sheila, Elsie, and Rita Grant-Suttie. Lord Algernon Gordon-Lennox attended the bridegroom as best man. The wedding presents were numerous, and included an Indian Cashmere shawl from the Queen.

At Lord's, on Saturday last, Eton, amidst much enthusiasm, won a well-contested game from Harrow by six wickets. In the match between Sussex and Kent the latter team won by four wickets; and Lancashire defeated Yorkshire, also by four wickets.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, J. C. B. (Broughty Ferry).—Please look at 1. B to B 6th, K takes Kt; 2. B to K Kt 4th, &c.
D. W. (Udely).—We are pleased to welcome such a bright little column to the chess world.
VENATOR (Wakefield).—Like many other solvers, you have missed all the points of No. 2204. You have never seen any problem like it.
H. A. L. S. (Caterham).—You share the general opinion of our solvers that 2206 is not, after all, such a very difficult problem.
CHEQUERS.—You should look at Nos. 2206 and 2207 again. The proposed solutions are wide of the mark.
F. V. M. (Brussels).—Your solution of No. 2195 is correct, but acknowledgment in the usual place was omitted.
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2190, 2191, 2197, and 2199 received from Thomas Duncan (Cape Town, South Africa); of No. 2202 from F. C. Sibbald (Ontario); of No. 2204 from Shadforth and Venator; of No. 2205 from Thomas Letchford, M. A. Nicholson, S. Kiddy, and Franklin Institute.
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2206 received from Thomas Letchford, P. Marshall, H. Reeve, J. Hall, R. L. Southwell, R. H. Brooks, L. Sharswood, Ernest Sharswood, Emile Frau, R. Tweddell, E. J. Winter Wood, Joseph Ainsworth, E. Casella (Paris), Jupiter Junior, Otto Pulder, E. Featherstone, Little Bits, J. A. Schmucke, G. W. Law, A. C. Hunt, L. Falcon (Antwerp), Hereward, B. R. Wood, E. E. H. C. Darragh, Rev. Winfield Cooper, N. S. Harris, L. Wyman, Edmund Field, S. Bullen, Nerina, E. J. Salusbury, Edward Bygott, E. Elsbury, W. Hillier, W. B. Smith, Ben. Nevis, H. Lucas, Novice, E. L. G. H. Wardell, F. Brown, H. A. L. S., Commander W. L. Martin (R.N.), Hermit, J. K. (South Hampstead), Shadforth, W. R. Baillem, Oliver Icingia, Thomas Chown, C. E. P. Comp (Lynn), George F. Burroughs, W. Biddle, Julia Short, W. Heathcote, G. Heathcote, and Lewis Nathan.

SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS.

WHITE.
1. B to B 7th
2. Kt to Q 5th
3. Queen mates accordingly.
Variations obvious.

BLACK.
K takes Kt
K moves

WHITE.
1. P takes P
2. P takes B (a B)
3. R to R 6th. Mate.

BLACK.
K to B 3rd (or A)
K to K 3rd
K to K 3rd

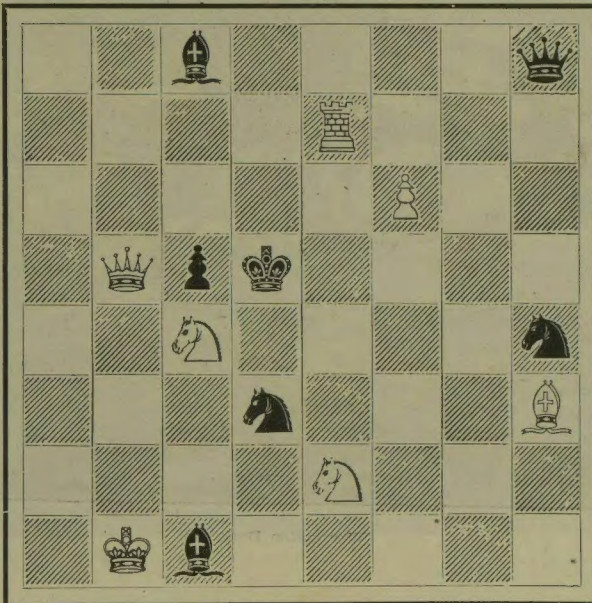
WHITE.
1. P to Q 8th (a Kt, ch)
2. P to Q 8th (a Q)
3. Q to K 7th. Mate.

BLACK.
B to Kt 3rd (or C)
K takes B
B to B 7th (or D), or 5th
B moves
B takes P
B moves

PROBLEM No. 2208.

By F. HEALEY.

BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in three moves.

THE BRITISH CHESS ASSOCIATION.

The International Tournament organised by the above association was opened on Monday last, the 12th inst., at the Criterion Restaurant.

The large prizes provided for the Masters' Tourney attracted a fair number of competitors, including such known names as Bird, Blackburne, Burn, Gunsberg, Mackenzie, Mason, Mortimer, Pollock, Skipworth, Zukertort, and Taubenhaus, Hanham, and Lipschutz. For the Amateur Championship Tourney the following strong players have entered their names:—Chepmell, Donisthorpe, Fredenssen, Guest, Jacobs, Kirke, Lowe, Mills, Rabson, Reeve-Farrow, Salter, Dr. Smith, Trenchard, and Wainwright. The entries for the Ruskin and Tennyson Prizes will be kept open for some days, to enable the competitors in the Amateur Championship Tourney to take part in them.

Immediately after the announcement of the pairing, play commenced in the Masters' Tournament at noon, and was continued until five o'clock, when it was adjourned for dinner, and was resumed at seven o'clock. The following is the result of the first day's play:—

Mortimer .. 0 .. Mackenzie .. 1	Hanham .. 0 .. Schalloo .. 1
Lipschutz .. 0 .. Gunsberg .. 1	Bird .. 0 .. Burn .. 1
Pollock .. 1 .. Blackburne .. 0	Taubenhaus ½ .. Mason .. ½

Zukertort a bye.

The most noteworthy feature of the second day's play was the defeat of Dr. Zukertort by Mr. Lipschutz, of New York. The following is the result of the play:—

Zukertort .. 0 .. Lipschutz .. 1	Mackenzie ½ .. Taubenhaus .. ½
Gunsberg .. 0 .. Pollock .. ½	Schalloo .. 1 .. Bird .. 0
Blackburne 1 .. Mortimer .. 0	Mason unfd. .. Hanham unfd.

Burn, a bye.

Appended is the game between Messrs. BLACKBURNE and MORTIMER. The latter, it will be seen, played rather loosely in the opening, enabling his adversary to gain a strong attack on the King's side, and although, in face of the attack, his defence was admirable, he was obliged to resign after a few hours' struggle.

(King's Gambit declined.)

WHITE (Mr. Blackburne).	BLACK (Mr. Mortimer).	WHITE (Mr. Blackburne).	BLACK (Mr. Mortimer).
1. P to K 4th	B to K 4th	21. Kt to B 5th	Q to Q sq
2. P to K B 4th	B to B 4th	22. R to K Kt sq	Kt to Kt sq
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	P to Q 3rd	23. P to K R 4th	P to B 3rd
4. Kt to B 3rd	B to K Kt 5th	24. P to Kt 5th	P takes P
5. P to K R 3rd	B takes Kt	25. P takes P	P takes P
6. Q takes B	Kt to K B 3rd	26. R to R 2nd	Kt to R 3rd
7. P to B 5th	P to Q R 3rd	27. Kt takes Kt	P takes Kt
8. B to B 4th	Kt to B 3rd	28. R takes R P	R to B 5th
9. Kt to K 2nd	Q to Q 2nd	29. Q to R 3rd	Q to K 2nd
10. P to Q 3rd	P to R 3rd	30. R takes Kt P	R to B 8th (ch)
11. P to B 3rd	Kt to K 2nd	31. Q takes R	Q takes R
12. B to Kt 3rd	P to B 3rd	32. R to R 2nd	Q to K 2nd
13. B to K 3rd	B takes B	33. B to B 7th	R to K B sq
14. Q takes B	Q to B 2nd		
15. Castles (K R)	Castles (K R)		
16. P to K Kt 4th	K to R sq	34. R takes Kt (ch)	K takes R
17. Kt to Kt 3rd	Q Kt to Kt sq	35. Q to B 5th (ch)	K to R sq
18. R to B 2nd	Kt to R 2nd	36. Q to R 5th (ch)	K to Kt 2nd
19. K to R sq	Q to K 2nd	37. Q to Kt 6th (ch)	K to R sq
20. P to B 6th	Q Kt takes P	38. Q to R 6th, Mate.	

White mates in five moves.

Steamers arrived at Liverpool during last week with live stock and fresh meat on board from American and Canadian ports. The total arrivals being—2151 cattle, 1180 sheep, and 11,482 quarters of beef, showing a decided increase in the imports of live stock, and a slight increase in favour of fresh meat.

Henley regatta came to a close yesterday week; and, on the whole, it appears to have been a very successful gathering. The Grand Challenge Cup was won by the Trinity Hall B.C., Cambridge; the Thames Challenge Cup, by the London R.C.; the Visitors' Challenge Cup, by the First Trinity B.C., Cambridge; the Diamond Challenge Sculls, by Mr. F. L. Pitman, Cambridge; the Ladies' Challenge Plate, by the Pembroke College B.C., Cambridge; and the Silver Goblets, by F. E. Churchill and S. S. Muttelbury, Third Trinity, Cambridge.

ART NOTES.

The Art Exhibition season is rapidly drawing to a close, and it is unlikely that any novelties, beyond Mr. Melton Prior's Sketches in Burmah, will be offered to public notice until October. Meanwhile, however, we may mention the "revival" of one or two old pictures. At the Marlborough Gallery may be seen Sir Edwin Landseer's well-known picture of "Jocko"—a white fox-terrier angrily barking at a hedgehog, which presents to his opponent his impenetrable prickles. There is plenty of life in this solidly-painted picture, which dates from the best period of the artist's life. The Nineteenth Century Art Society (Conduit-street Galleries) have on view Turner's "Battle of the Nile," but with what special object is not very manifest. The picture in question was not painted in the nineteenth but in the eighteenth century (1799); and, although its exhibition at the Royal Academy coincides with Turner's election as an Associate, it is not suggested, even by his warmest admirers, that the distinction then conferred upon him had anything to do with the picture of that year. It is, perhaps, less a failure than the companion work, "The Battle of Trafalgar," which is now to be seen at Greenwich Hospital, and is chiefly noteworthy as one of the few pictures painted on Government commission. The episode chosen by Turner in "The Battle of the Nile" is that of the blowing up of the Orient, which actually took place after the fate of the engagement had been decided. As a work of imagination, it deserves a high rank among such productions of Turner's mind and brush; but it must not be accepted as in any way more historically accurate than most pictures of naval battles. There is a wide gulf between Conduit-street and Baker-street, but not so wide as that which separates the art of Turner from that of Señor Francesco Rizi, who exhibits (58, Baker-street) a Madonna and Child, which he modestly values at 6000 guineas. The work is only interesting as showing how, even in Spain, the sentiment of religious art has disappeared. The intense devotional spirit which animated the pictures of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance has wholly given place to the industrialism of modern times; and the result is that Signor Rizi's Madonna, in spite of much skilful brush-work, fails to move us.

Much more in keeping with the spirit of the times are such works as "The Start and Finish of the Season," by Messrs. Frank Walton and Walter Wilson, and now on view at Messrs. Dowdeswell's (133, New Bond-street). The former represents the May meet of the Four-in-Hand Club in Hyde Park, and the latter the Lawn at Goodwood, at the July Race Meeting. In pictures of this sort, as in that of "The Birdcage, Newmarket," to be seen at Messrs. Dickinson's (114, New Bond-street), the chief aim of the artists is to bring together as many public characters as possible, and to endow them with at least a certain facial resemblance; so that, when engraved, they may be recognised by friends and admirers. To Mr. Frank Walton we are possibly indebted for some of the prettier details by which the Goodwood Meeting is surrounded; but one cannot help feeling that if such pictures must be painted, it would be far better to leave them for Mr. Frith, whose skill in grouping and arranging colours is incontestable. Works of this sort in no way belong to the domain of fine arts, and should be left to skilful journeymen and to intelligent engravers.

The closing picture sales of the season are more important than the picture exhibitions. This week the collection of Mr. C. J. Nieuwenhuys, a well-known collector, will be offered for sale; it is especially rich in works of the Flemish and Dutch schools, both ancient and modern. A week later, however (July 24), the final dispersal of the Blenheim gallery will commence, and will extend over many days. Amongst the more important works will be found specimens of Vandyke, Rembrandt, and Rubens; the copies made by David Teniers of the pictures in the Archduke Leopold's gallery at Vienna; and a number of works by the lesser lights of the Italian schools. The greater names, like Paul Veronese, Tintoretto, Albertinelli, are represented by works which will scarcely compare with those already in the possession of the public, so that any purchases which may be made for the National Gallery will be probably limited to the works of less known artists, unless Sir F. Burton should find courage and funds to give to the French school that prominence which it deserves, but has not yet received, in Trafalgar-square.

PRIZES AT THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SHOW.

The Royal Agricultural Society's Show at Norwich was opened on Monday morning. The exhibitors include the Queen, who sent two Devon cattle (with one of which she took a first prize), a Hereford, and a shorthorn; while the Prince of Wales sent three cart-horses, with one of which he took a third prize. The horses were remarkably strong, both in numbers and merit, there being 493 entries in forty-nine classes, half of which being agricultural and half light horses. The principal winners in the Agricultural Horse Class were Lord Ellesmere, Mr. Walter Gilbey, Mr. Brown, of Marsham, and the Marquis of Londonderry; while the Duke of Hamilton won the first prize for Suffolk horses over three years old. There was, of course, a strong muster of the Suffolk Punches, which is one of the chief local breeds. The hackney and riding horses were strong in numbers, and comprised most of the noted prize-winners which have been shown at Islington and so many other places this year. In the cattle classes, short-horns mustered well, there being eighty-two entries in eight classes; the most successful exhibitors being, as usual, Mr. W. Handley, Mr. Teasdale Hutchinson, the Rev. Bruce Kennard, and Mrs. Brierley; but there was a very short show of Herefords, Lord Coventry pretty well sweeping the board. The Devon classes had also very few entries; but the great feature of the cattle classes was the grand display of the red-poll cattle, which are indigenous to the two counties of Norfolk and Suffolk; there being no fewer than 196 entries of these, in nine classes, from the herds of Mr. J. J. Colman, Mr. Garrett Taylor, Mr. Loft, Lord Hastings, the Duke of Hamilton, and the Marquis of Bristol, who were the principal prize-winners. This was, beyond question, the great feature of the show; though the sheep section is a very strong one as regards the short-wool breeds, the Southdowns alone being represented by 119 pens sent by the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh, the Dukes of Richmond and Hamilton, the Marquis of Bristol, Lord Hastings, Sir William Throckmorton, Mr. J. J. Colman, and Mr. Henry Brassey. The black-faced Suffolk sheep also mustered well, and there was a large entry of pigs.

Lord Carnarvon, Pro-Grand Master of England, on Tuesday received the officers and brethren of the Mark Master Masons of Berks and Oxon at Highclere Castle.

We hear there is to be a café chantant at the fête at Wakehurst Place, Ardingly, Sussex, on Wednesday and Thursday next, the 21st and 22nd inst. Miss Wakefield and Signor Foli will on this occasion sing new songs by Lady Arthur Hill, and there will be a host of other novelties and attractions. Wakehurst Place is well known as being one of the finest specimens of Elizabethan architecture extant, and no doubt many antiquarians will be glad of this opportunity of visiting it.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Tuesday, July 13.

Yet another victim of the Exile Bill. The Duc d'Aumale is to be expelled from France, and sent to keep his nephew, the Pretender, company. In virtue of the bill recently voted by the Chamber, the names of all the Princes serving in the Army have been struck off the lists. The Duc d'Aumale, on being informed of this measure, wrote a very dry letter to President Grévy, ending thus:—"As for myself, senior member of the general staff, having fulfilled in peace, as in war, the highest functions that a soldier can exercise, it is my duty to remind you that military grades cannot be touched by you; and I remain, General Henri d'Orléans, Duc d'Aumale." This letter, without formula of salutation or respect, is considered by President Grévy to be a personal insult, and the Republicans see no other course but a continuation of their policy of suppressing all who hamper them: "Nous débarrasser de tout ce qui nous gêne." This incident, like the whole affair of the expulsion of the Princes, is being taken advantage of by the Conservatives for consolidating their forces.

To-morrow being the National Fête, the whole city is more or less gay with flags and preparations for illuminations. The first time that this National Fête was celebrated, Paris presented a marvellous spectacle, especially in the popular quarters, because every man, woman, and child seemed to take interest and part in the rejoicings. It was a novelty; it was the consecration of the new régime; it was a spontaneous manifestation of popular and national sentiment. Since this first fête, however, the 14th July has gradually declined, and at present nobody cares about it, and all who can, flee from Paris in order to escape from the noise and the crowd. The worst feature of this national fête is that it fills Paris with mountebanks, who are allowed to erect their swings and merry-go-rounds and steam-organs all over the city, and so for the next eight or ten days Paris will be no place for peaceful citizens.

The modern man travelling in a railway-carriage instinctively buys newspapers and squanders money on periodicals. Returning to Paris last week I bought a profusion of newspapers, both daily and weekly, and in each I found an article beginning, "At last Lamartine has his statue." Yes; Lamartine has his statue at Passy, and the unveiling was the occasion of a grand oratorical and gesticulatory fête. But why should Lamartine have waited until 1886 to obtain the honour of a statue? Why is he honoured to-day and why was he forgotten yesterday? In 1860, ten years before his death, the French began to forget the author of "Les Méditations," which had won for Lamartine the adoration of the men and women of 1820. Since 1860 nobody had heard much about Lamartine. The idol of the day was Hugo, and now that Hugo is dead the young men and the witty ladies talk about Shelley and Tolstoi. But who reads Lamartine? What have faith and sentimental idealism to do with the modern rage of discussion and testing of all solutions? The return of popularity of Lamartine is the result of a caprice. The present generation is weary and disgusted with its own writers; it has rediscovered Lamartine with astonishment and pleasure. But, after all, Lamartine is a curiosity, a marvellous improviser, a virtuoso of sentiment and emotion; but he is not actual; his diapason is not that of the generation of to-day. Next week he will be as much forgotten as ever, in spite of his statue.

Mgr. Guibert, Archbishop of Paris, died last Thursday, at the age of eighty-four, in the archiepiscopal palace, which, since the beginning of the century, has been the home only of martyrs. Mgr. Guibert's three predecessors all met with a violent death—Mgr. Affre was killed on the barricades in 1848; Mgr. Sibour was assassinated by a priest; Mgr. Darboy was shot with the hostages in 1870. The successor of Cardinal Guibert will be his coadjutor, Mgr. Richard.

T. C.

The Queen Regent of Spain, accompanied by the Royal family, the members of the Royal household, and Señor Alfonso Martinez, Minister of Justice, left Madrid on Monday for the Royal palace of La Granja, where they will remain during the summer months.

The Emperor William, who is in the best of health, left Ems on Sunday for Coblenz, on a short visit to the Empress.

The King of Sweden and Norway opened the Agricultural Exhibition at Stockholm on Monday.

The Czar and Czarina arrived at Peterhof last Monday on their return from Finland.

The Sultan has issued an order for the reduction of the regular army to a peace footing, in consequence of the settlement of the Bulgarian and Greek questions.

A general amnesty has been granted to all persons implicated in the late rebellion in North-West Canada, except those guilty of attempting to murder in cold blood.—The survey of the proposed Canadian National Park in the Rocky Mountains has been completed, and roads, drives, paths, and avenues are being laid out. The engineer is also making a survey of the prospective town site at the springs.

The death of Mr. Henry K. Brown, the American sculptor, aged seventy-two, is announced.—An English cooper named Graham, residing at Buffalo, having completed the construction of a large wooden barrel, strongly bound with iron, entered it last Sunday afternoon, and caused it to be placed in the river below Niagara Falls. The current carried the barrel rapidly to the Whirlpool, when Graham opened the manhole; and then it was borne by the Rapids to Lewiston, seven miles from the mouth of the river. Graham was much shaken.

A Reuter's telegram, dated Sydney, July 9, states:—"The New South Wales Legislative Assembly has negatived, by 52 against 17 votes, a motion of want of confidence brought forward by Sir Henry Parkes in regard to the financial proposals of the Government. The Government are pushing forward the Customs and other tax bills, and protracted sittings are being held. The bill authorising a grant of £10,000 to the Hon. Sir John Robertson, on his retirement from public life, in recognition of his eminent public services, has been read the second time, and has passed through Committee without debate." The Assembly recently sat for fifty-six consecutive hours, discussing the Tariff Bill; the Opposition finally declining to sit on Sunday, whereupon the Ministerialists passed the measure.

The Customs duties received at Brisbane during the past financial year amounted to £535,031, being an increase of £64,975; while the Customs revenue for the whole of Queensland amounted to £1,004,754, being an increase of £67,528, as compared with last year.

Many thousands of persons were present at the annual temperance fête on Tuesday, at the Crystal Palace. The arrangements were under the direction of the United Kingdom Band of Hope. Sports and amusements of various kinds were provided, and representatives from all the leading colonies were bidden a hearty welcome.

THE HOLLOWAY COLLEGE CASKET.

The gold casket presented to the Queen on June 30, at the opening of the Royal Holloway College, was manufactured by the Goldsmiths' Alliance (Limited Liability Company), of Cornhill. Its material is eighteen-carat gold. It is of oblong octagon form, and rests on four pediments, on each of which is seated a female figure; these are emblematic of education, science, music, and painting. The figures are very finely modelled, and each has its appropriate attributes. On the front panel is an admirable view of the Royal Holloway College; on each side is a medallion containing the Royal and Imperial monogram V.R.I., executed in coloured enamel. Underneath the view is the monogram of the founder, Mr. Thomas Holloway, also in enamel. In the corresponding panel on the reverse side of the casket is an inscription in blue enamel; and on each side of this panel the medallions containing the Royal monogram are repeated. At one end of the



GOLD CASKET PRESENTED TO THE QUEEN AT THE OPENING OF THE ROYAL HOLLOWAY COLLEGE.

casket are the Royal arms; and at the opposite end the Holloway arms, with the motto "Nil desperandum," are richly emblazoned in enamel. The casket is surmounted by a portrait model of Mr. Thomas Holloway, seated in a classic chair, being a reduction from a model from life taken by the Italian artist, Signor Fucigna. The effect of the whole is very pleasing, being enriched with very elaborate work of exquisite finish, and reflects high credit on the manufacturers.

BENEVOLENT OBJECTS.

Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, accompanied by the Prince, visited Finsbury last Saturday to lay the foundation-stone of the Finsbury and Shoreditch Polytechnic Institution, the outcome of the labours of the Rev. Freeman Wills, the object of which is to provide amusement and technical instruction for the lads and youths employed in the factories and warehouses.

Princess Mary Adelaide, Duchess of Teck, has consented to open a large People's Flower Show and Industrial Exhibition in the parish of All Saints, South Lambeth. The exhibition is to be held next Monday, at the Manor House, Priory-road, Wandsworth-road. Its object is to encourage the poor of this sadly over-crowded neighbourhood to grow flowers, and to teach them to cultivate that industry in which they take a special interest. About two hundred money prizes are offered.

Last Saturday the Duchess of Westminster, accompanied by the Duke, distributed the prizes at the annual festival of the Royal Normal College and Academy of Music for the Blind, Upper Norwood. The institution contains at present 176 pupils of both sexes; whilst one hundred who have passed through its classes are each earning an average income of more than £80 per year. A concert was given by the students.—A musical and dramatic entertainment in aid of the blind was given at St. George's Hall on Monday afternoon by Professor G. S. D'Odoardi, director of the Cambridge Academy of Music, who has made the instruction of those deprived of sight his specialty.

The half-yearly meeting of the Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb was held on Monday at the Cannon-street Hotel. In their report the committee stated that it had become necessary to rebuild the asylum in the Old Kent-road, while the branch establishment at Margate was being enlarged. An urgent appeal was therefore made for funds to enable the charity to meet the necessary increased expenditure.—The College of Teachers of the Deaf and Dumb, inaugurated last year at the City and Guilds Institute, South Kensington, under the presidency of Dr. John Stainer, held its first annual meeting on Saturday last. The chairman (Mr. Richard Elliott, of Margate) stated that twenty-nine candidates had presented themselves for examination for the certificate of the college, their respective spheres of labour being Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Doncaster, Glasgow, London, &c.

The Earl and Countess of Idlesleigh distributed the prizes at the tenth annual flower show in connection with the Aldenham-street Sunday School, in the St. Pancras Vestry-hall, last Saturday afternoon. In the course of the proceedings his Lordship mentioned that he had that afternoon received from the Queen and the Prince of Wales the expression of their warm sympathy with the objects of the exhibition.

On Tuesday evening the Duchess of Abercorn, Lady Leconfield, the Hon. Mrs. Oldfield, and other ladies and gentlemen assisted the Rector and churchwardens of St. John's, Clerkenwell in distributing a large number of prizes which had been awarded the poor of the parish for excellence in window-gardening. There were about 300 competitors, and about one fourth took prizes.

The twenty-seventh annual meeting of the Metropolitan Drinking-Fountain and Cattle-Trough Association was held yesterday week, at Willis's Rooms, under the presidency of the Duke of Westminster. There was a large attendance. The total number of fountains and troughs now at work is 594 fountains and 633 troughs. During the past year 41 new troughs for animals, and twenty-five fountains for human beings had been erected. Fountains and troughs had been erected at Barnes, Eltham, and Reigate, the cost of which had been defrayed by local subscription. The accounts showed amounts received during the year ending March 31:—Annual subscriptions, £2013; donations, £1155; legacies, £2825; and for the erection of special fountains, £2773. The expenditure had been £8179.

OBITUARY.

SIR EDWARD C. KERRISON.

Sir Edward Clarence Kerrison, Bart., of Oakley Park, Suffolk, J.P. and D.L., died on the 11th inst., at his seat, Brome Hall, near Scole. He was born in January, 1821, the only son of General Sir Edward Kerrison, Bart., M.P., and succeeded to the title at the death of his father, in 1853. He sat in the House of Commons for Eye 1852 to 1866, and for East Suffolk from 1866 to 1867. He married, in 1844, Lady Caroline Margaret Fox Strangeways, daughter of the third Earl of Ilchester, but, as he leaves no issue, the baronetcy becomes extinct.



THE COUNTESS OF VERULAM.

The Right Hon. Elizabeth Joanna, Countess of Verulam, died on the 5th inst., at Gorbamby, near St. Albans, in her sixty-first year. Her Ladyship was daughter of Major Richard Weyland, of Wood Eaton, Oxfordshire, was married Sept. 12, 1844, to the present Earl of Verulam, and leaves three sons and three daughters, the eldest of the former being Viscount Grimston.

THE HON. E. ROMILLY.

The Hon. Edward Romilly, one of the Masters of the Supreme Court of Judicature, died on the 12th inst., at Folkestone. The deceased gentleman was the second son of John, first Lord Romilly, some time Master of the Rolls, and brother of the present Peer. His mother was Caroline Charlotte, second daughter of the late Right Rev. William Otter, D.D., Bishop of Chichester, and he was born in 1838. Mr. Romilly was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took his Bachelor's degree as Fourteenth Wrangler in 1861, and proceeded M.A. in due course. He was called to the Bar by the Honourable Society of Gray's Inn in Hilary Term 1864, and held the office of Clerk of Records and Writs in the Court of Chancery from 1873 till 1879, when he was appointed a Master of the Supreme Court of Judicature. Mr. Romilly married, in 1871, Edith Mary, daughter of the Very Rev. Morgan Cowie, Dean of Exeter, but was left a widower in 1880.

MR. HUGHES-D'AETH.

Mr. Narborough Hughes-D'Aeth, M.A., of Knowlton Court, Kent, J.P. and D.L., died at his seat near Wingham, on the 2nd inst., aged sixty-four. He was eldest son of the late Admiral George William Hughes, who took the additional surname of D'Aeth on succeeding to the estates of his maternal ancestor, Sir Thomas D'Aeth, Bart., who acquired Knowlton Court by marriage with the sister and heiress of Sir John Narborough, Bart., who was cast away and lost with his father-in-law, Sir Cloudesley Shovel, on the rocks of Scilly, in 1707. Mr. Hughes-D'Aeth married, May 17, 1857, Agnes Charlotte, only daughter of Henry Knight, Esq., and leaves six sons.

MR. SELBY-LOWNDES.

Mr. William Selby-Lowndes, of Whaddon Hall and Winslow, Bucks, J.P. and D.L., died on the 1st inst., in his seventy-ninth year. He was eldest son of the late Mr. William Selby-Lowndes, of Waddon, M.P. for Bucks, the representative of a very influential county family; and in right of his descent, through the Barringtons and Poles, from Margaret Plantagenet, Countess of Salisbury, he claimed, before the House of Lords, a coheirship to the baronies of Grandison and Montacute. Mr. Selby-Lowndes leaves, by his first wife, Lucy, eldest daughter of Mr. Isaac Rawlings Hartman, Coldstream Guards, an eldest son, William Selby-Lowndes, and other issue. His estate in Buckinghamshire is officially returned among the "Landholders" as £11,923 a year.

MR. JOHN BOYCE.

Mr. John Boyce, J.P., died at Carnew Castle, in the county of Wicklow, on the 7th inst., in his 101st year. He was born on the estate of Alderman Fleming, between Ferns and Monamolin, in the county of Wexford, and was related to the Stephens family, who lived in the same neighbourhood. He and his brother, Joseph Boyce, went to Dublin, and were apprenticed to business. John Boyce, when he retired from business, became tenant to the Earl of Fitzwilliam for the Castle of Carnew, in the county of Wicklow, and was made a magistrate of that county. In 1814 he married Miss Arabella Braddell, of Bullingate, in the same county, and by her had two sons, the Rev. William Boyce, M.A., Curate of Swords, in the county of Dublin, and Captain John Clarence Boyce, of Rathgar, near Dublin, and five daughters—wives respectively of the Very Rev. John R. Dowse, Dean of Ferns; the Rev. William Corvan, Rector of Bunnor; the Rev. Edward F. Lawler, Rector of Kilmuck; Mr. Thomas Dercuz, of Cronyborn, near Carnew; and Mr. Coates Hudson.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Lady Mary Legge, daughter of George, third Earl of Dartmouth, on the 8th inst., at Holmwood, Dorking, aged ninety.

Colonel William Thomas Markham, of Becca Hall, Yorkshire, J.P., on the 10th inst., at Solent Cottage, West Cowes.

The Rev. Henry Bittleston, B.A. Oxon, missionary priest of the Roman Catholic Church at St. Albans, in his sixty-eighth year.

Dr. George Ogilvie-Forbes, of Boyndlie House, in the county of Aberdeen, formerly Professor of the Institute of Medicine of Aberdeen University, a gentleman well known in Scottish literary and professional circles, aged sixty-six. He was eldest son of Dr. John Charles Ogilvie, and succeeded to the Boyndlie estate at the death of his mother, in 1876.

Mr. Edmund George Carew, of Crowcombe Court, Somerset, and Carew Castle, in the county of Pembrokeshire, J.P., only son of the late Captain George Henry Warrington Carew, of Crowcombe and Carew Castle, by Mary Philippa, his wife, only daughter of Mr. Rickards-Mynors, of Treago, in the county of Hereford, on the 4th inst., aged twenty-six.

Sir James Paget presided on the 8th inst. at the jubilee banquet of the British Medical Benevolent Fund, given at the Holborn Restaurant, where a company numbering some 200 sat down, among whom were Cardinal Manning, the Bishop of London, the Bishop of Peterborough, Lord Crewe, and many other distinguished guests. Contributions to the fund amounting to some £3500 were announced.

The annual general meeting of the Incorporated Law Society was held at the Law Institute, Chancery-lane, on the 9th inst., under the presidency of Mr. Roscoe. The greater part of the business was of a routine character, but a resolution was proposed by Mr. A. H. Hastie in favour of raising the standard of the preliminary examination to the level of that required for matriculation at the London University. The proposal was opposed by the council, all the members present voting against it; but after a long discussion it was carried by 53 votes to 33.

COLONIAL AND INDIAN EXHIBITION: THE INDIAN EMPIRE.



JUNGLE LIFE AND TIGER-HUNTING.—TROPHY ARRANGED BY MR. ROWLAND WARD, F.L.S.

COLONIAL AND INDIAN EXHIBITION: THE INDIAN EMPIRE.



SPINNING (COURTYARD OF INDIAN PALACE).



DOVE-COT (IN CENTRAL AVENUE, INDIAN SECTION).



WOOD-TURNING (COURTYARD OF INDIAN PALACE).



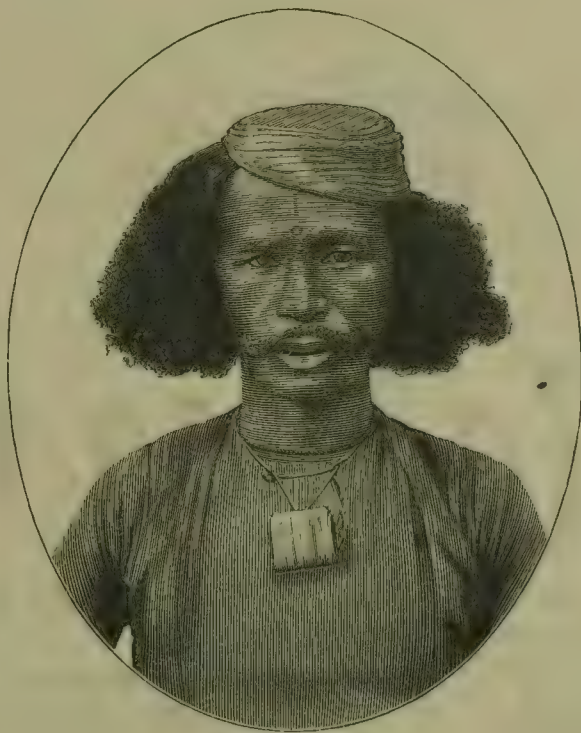
AN INDIAN ARTIST.



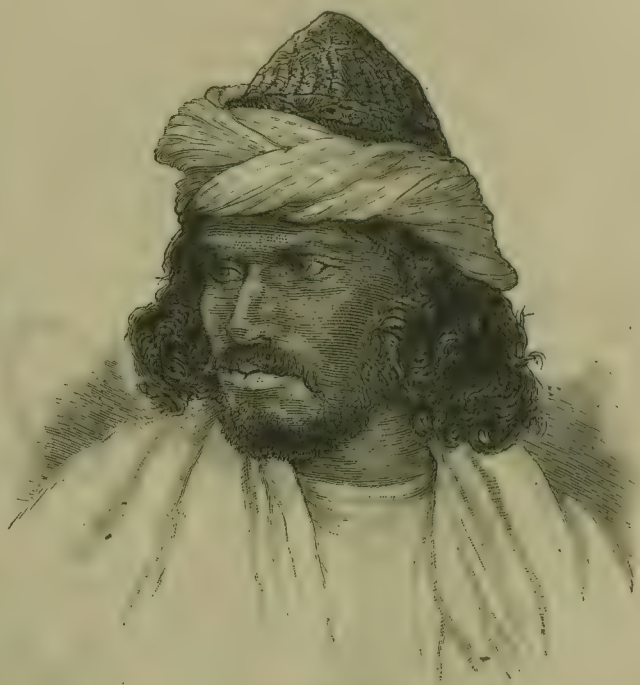
A CENTENARIAN (IN THE INDIAN PALACE).



GHILZYE (OF CANDAHAR).



GOORUNG (OF NEPAUL).



DURANEE (OF CABUL).



A CHEROO, OR ABORIGINAL HINDOO.



LIMBOO (OF NEPAUL).



NATIVE OF BHOOTAN.

FRIENDSHIP.

There is nothing sadder in life than the sight of men or women who have gone through the world without making any friends. It may be said that it is their own fault, and this, no doubt, is true; but then there are few faults that involve so severe a punishment. Moreover, the man with many friends is not always and necessarily better than his less fortunate neighbour. The one may have been born with a sociable, society-loving nature; the other may be painfully sensitive and reserved, so that his manner, quite against his will, repels the very people he is most desirous to please. The art of winning affection may be possessed by men who are otherwise very faulty. William Pitt was a statesman of higher aims and of nobler character than Charles James Fox; but it may be doubted whether Pitt inspired anyone with strong affection, unless it were William Wilberforce; and when he died, according to a well-authenticated story, a visitor, who entered the house by the open door, found the corpse deserted. Fox, on the other hand, faulty though he was, had a sympathetic nature that won all hearts; and when he died, even George III., who had previously detested him, said to Lord Sidmouth, "Little did I think that I should ever live to regret Mr. Fox's death." We all know in our own experience that the most perfect people we are acquainted with are not necessarily the dearest. The friend who never commits a fault may be in the highest degree commendable, but he is apt to be exacting. He, probably expects too much, and gives too little. The friend conscious of his errors makes no claims: he gives his love for yours, and does not shrink from imperfections.

The friendships made in youth are generally the most lasting. We cling to people chiefly from sympathy, but sometimes also from habit. You meet two women of mature age, whose taste and interests seem utterly opposed. Apparently, they have nothing in common; yet you are surprised to find that they are close friends, and when apart keep up a steady correspondence. The reason is that they were schoolfellows, or were born in the same village, and—

Grew together
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet a union in partition.

This kind of friendship, due to early familiarity, is not so common among men, whose boyish partialities are liable to disappear amidst the rough dealings of the world. On the other hand, the friendships formed in manhood have a sounder basis, and frequently grow stronger at the close of life. Very beautiful and touching is the account of the interview between Keble and Newman, when the famous author of "The Christian Year" was on his deathbed. There had been an estrangement, or, at least, a loss of sympathy between them, which indeed, under the circumstances, was inevitable; but in that supreme moment all minor differences were forgotten, and the two old friends joined hands and hearts once more. When bitter words or false acts break up companionship, when especially there is on one side a rankling sense of injustice, and on the other a consciousness of having acted falsely, the warmer the previous friendship, the more difficult, if not impossible, is a complete and lasting reconciliation. Such was the quarrel between Roland and Sir Leoline in Coleridge's "Christabel," which is described in words as true as they are beautiful—

Each spake words of high disdain
And insult to his heart's best brother;
They parted—ne'er to meet again!
But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from paining.
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder;
A dreary sea now flows between,
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once has been.

"Friendship is constant in all other things," says one of Shakespeare's characters, "save in the office and affairs of love"; but in these affairs, too, there have been remarkable instances of constancy and self-sacrifice. Many a disappointment has been caused by the advent of a friend who has spoken and conquered before the less daring lover has ventured to do more than to gaze and sigh. It would be interesting to discuss how far friendship is possible

and politic between the sexes in that happy season when life is in its spring, and love makes the world beautiful. Possibly, if a girl has a homely countenance and a kind heart, a young man might contract a pleasant friendship without his affections tending lovewards; but the lady herself might not find the intercourse quite so easy; and it must be remembered that homely girls are quite as capable of falling in love as their more attractive-looking sisters. No doubt the advanced young woman of the period does not dream of danger, and is as willing to cultivate masculine as feminine friendships. Possibly she prefers the former. In Dr. Wendell Holmes's last story, "A Mortal Antipathy," he introduces a very learned girl of this class, who wears spectacles, is not beautiful, and cannot see any reason why she should not correspond with and console a solitary young man residing in her village. "You are lonely," she writes; "you must be longing for some human fellowship. Take me into your confidence," and her letter continues for a long time in the same strain; but, happily, Miss Lurida Vincent has a friend with some sense of propriety, who will not allow her to send it. This is Miss Euthymia Tower—a charming girl, as beautiful as she is good, with whom the writer of this paper must confess that he has contracted a very warm friendship. She is married, indeed, for she took to her arms in a singular fashion the young man before alluded to; but what does marriage signify? These dear girls who live in novels and in poetry are always disengaged, and free alike for friendship and love. That is the kind of affection many a middle-aged bachelor likes best to cherish. And in these hard days, when incomes diminish, and the costliness of living increases, it is not irrelevant to observe that friends of this kind cost nothing. They need no presents, and expect no attentions; moreover, they are never offended, and, if you forget them for a time, at your next meeting they are as cheerful and as sweet as ever. Think of the delightful companions Shakespeare and Scott and Jane Austen have given us—female companions who entirely refute Pope's saying that "most women have no characters at all." No character, indeed! Why, if they are best distinguished, as he says, "by black, brown, or fair," how does it come to pass that these creatures of the imagination have not faded long ago out of memory? And it is obvious that the women created by novelist or poet would not affect us as they do if they failed to represent qualities that exist in real life.

Let no man, then, say or think that he is friendless; and if book friends do not wholly satisfy him, let him remember, to quote the words of Coleridge, used in another sense, that "we receive but what we give." No one with a heart for friendship need ever be without friends, by which we do not mean society acquaintances, who will dine with you gladly if you give good dinners, but men and women who are ready to stand by your side in hours of difficulty or sorrow, and when fortune frowns, care for you all the more. Friendship demands sacrifices, and will stand severe tests. You may even borrow £100 of a friend without security; but do not try the experiment often.

The Portrait of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher is from a photograph by Mr. Rockwood, of Union-square, New York.

For the sixth year in succession, W. Renshaw has secured the lawn tennis championship; and for the last three years the "runner-up," from whom he has won the championship, has been H. F. Lawford.

In commemoration of the establishment of the Art Gallery of the Corporation of London, a large company assembled at dinner at the Albion Hotel, on the invitation of the Library Committee, on Monday evening, to meet the Lord Mayor and the President of the Royal Academy.

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THE CHURCH.

The ladies of Yorkshire have raised £8000 of the £10,000 which they have promised for the Wakefield Bishopric Fund.

Last Saturday afternoon the Bishop of London and Mrs. Temple gave their second garden party at the Episcopal Palace at Fulham.

The Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's have had fallen to their gift the valuable living of St. Giles's, Cripplegate, by the death, in his seventy-fourth year, of the Rev. P. Parker Gilbert, which took place on Monday, at The Limes, Cresfield-row, Ealing-common. The benefice is of the value of £1580 a year.

The parish church of All Saints, Leighton Buzzard, having been completely restored in the interior at a cost of over £2000, was reopened last Saturday by the Bishop of Ely. Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne, who are at present visiting Lady Sophia and Mr. Macnamara, at Billington Manor, were present at the service.

The Bishop of London preached in Westminster Abbey last Monday, at a special service held to inaugurate the British and Colonial Temperance Congress, convened by the National Temperance League. On Tuesday the delegates were received and entertained at lunch at the Crystal Palace, and on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday the Congress took place at Prince's Hall, Piccadilly.

The Church of St. Benedict, at Glastonbury, originally dedicated to St. Benignus, having been restored, at a cost of over £2000, was reopened on the 8th inst. by the Bishop of Bath and Wells. The Mayor and Corporation attended Divine service in the morning, when the sermon was preached by the Dean of Wells (Dr. Plumptre). The cost of the new aisle has been borne by Mr. and Mrs. Austin. Other contributions were given by Miss Holman, the late Mr. Alderman Holman, Miss Bath, and Mr. E. Bath.

The Penge Vestry has decided to purchase, at a cost of nearly £4000, a large piece of open ground for the purposes of recreation.

Party riots are reported from various parts of Ulster. A Roman Catholic mob on Monday attacked an Orange hall at Coalisland, Tyrone. They were repulsed by a fusillade from revolvers. On Tuesday night Belfast was in a very disturbed state. The police and the people fired on each other, and many on both sides were wounded.

Lord Rosebery has made arrangements for the publication in future of diplomatic and consular reports on trade, &c., as separate and substantive papers. By these means reports which are ready for publication will be issued at once, without waiting for others which are in a less advanced stage, and the delay which has hitherto been occasioned by the existing practice will thus be avoided.

The Registrar-General reports that 2458 births and 1540 deaths were registered in London last week. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 165 below, while the deaths exceeded by 12, the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. The deaths included 57 from measles, 14 from scarlet fever, 14 from diphtheria, 33 from whooping-cough, 10 from enteric fever, 156 from diarrhoea and dysentery, 8 from cholera and choleraic diarrhoea; thus 292 deaths were referred to these diseases, being 24 below the corrected average weekly number.

The advantages of South Africa as a Health Resort (W. B. Whittingham and Co.) are carefully set forth in Mr. Arthur Fuller's little pamphlet. His object is to show that the facilities of getting to the Cape of Good Hope nowadays are such as should furnish on additional reason for obeying one's doctor's orders to try the climate. The peculiar advantage of South African climate is its dryness, which increases in proportion to the distance from the coast. Changes of temperature are often abrupt, cold nights succeeding to hot days, but it has not been remarked that unsatisfactory results follow upon this rapid alteration in the drier districts. Mr. Fuller however, is altogether silent on the particular drawback to many parts of South Africa, Bloemfontein especially, where the ground lightning is so frequent and vivid as to render life unbearable to nervous and impressionable invalids.

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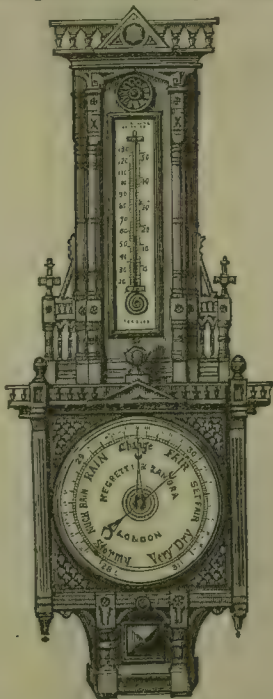
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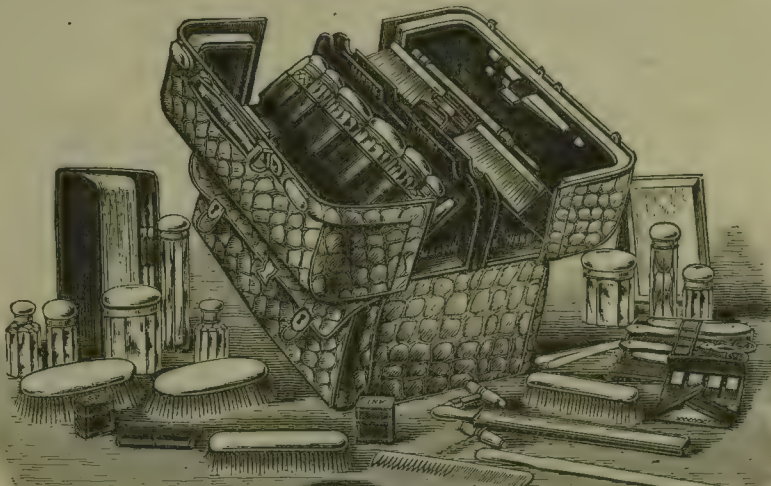
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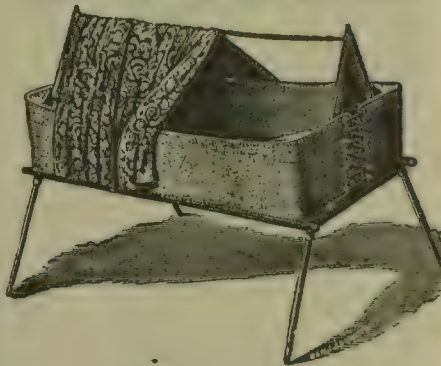
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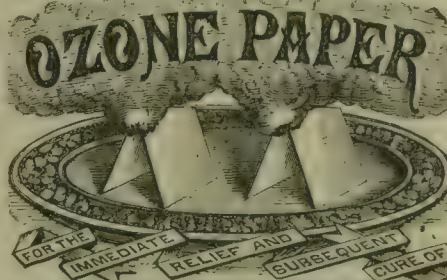
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Member of the Firm, Messrs. GILLOW are now offering



DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.

"Good-bye, Bess." He laid his arm round the girl's neck, and kissed her. "Good-bye, my girl—give me another."

"THE WORLD WENT VERY WELL THEN." By WALTER BESANT.

THE WORLD WENT VERY WELL THEN.

By WALTER BESANT,

AUTHOR OF "ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN," "DOROTHY FORSTER,"
"THE REVOLT OF MAN," "CHILDREN OF GIBRON," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

HOW JACK LEARNED OF THE PENMAN.

Here were materials enough to fire the imagination and awaken the ardour of a boy about to become a sailor. But these were not all. For at home—the Admiral's house having become this orphan's home—there was talk all day long of fighting and foreign seas, and things nautical. Jack's patron or guardian had been engaged in many of the actions fought during the eleven years' war between the years 1702 and 1713. He was on board the *Resolution*, which carried Lord Peterborough when she was intercepted by a French squadron, and was forced to run ashore in order to save her from falling into the hands of the enemy. He was in the West Indies, and was the British Captain who planted our flag on Tobago. He was on Sir George Byng's ship, the *Royal Anne*, in Sir Cloudesley Shovel's fleet, when that hero perished off the Scilly Isles; he was a Lieutenant on board the *Assurance* in that gallant action with the French Commander Du Guai Trouin, of the *Achille*. In this battle he lost his arm; his leg he lost in the capture of a Moorish corsair during the reduction of Morocco, in the year 1734. After this he retired, receiving the rank of Rear-Admiral, and settled at Deptford, then about forty-two years of age. He presently discovered that it is not good for man to live alone, and therefore took a wife, who in due time bore him a child, Castilla. His daughter, who, if anybody ought to know, says that her father possessed in an eminent degree, and daily in his lifetime exhibited most, if not all, of the virtues which should adorn the Christian who is also an officer of high rank in his Majesty's Navy. The Christian virtues, it is sure, vary according to a man's station in life. We do not expect certain things from Princes which are indispensable to those of lowly and humble lot; from an Admiral of the Fleet we do not look for meekness, patience, humility, or resignation; a choleric disposition is allowed to him; the habit of applying sacred names to things profane is excused in him; and if he who has commanded a man-of-war is not to have his own way in everything, who should? As for obedience to the commandments, it may be shown that the Admiral followed them all. Thus, for honouring his parents, he did more—he was proud of them, because they came of a good stock—and honoured himself on their account; he killed nobody save in battle, though he drubbed and belaboured his servants every day; he robbed nobody, except in an honourable way—as in taking a prize; he was envious of nothing but the Frenchman's ships; he freely forgave everybody, even those who transgressed his orders on board ship and sinned against his patience, as soon as he had soundly flogged them. To bear malice when a man had paid for his fault with three dozen was not in the Admiral's nature. And that he was of a truly good heart and a benevolent disposition was clearly shown by his treatment of Jack Easterbrook.

There were also many others, formerly of the naval service, who were contented to spend the evening of their days in this town of Deptford, which is not on the sea, yet lives by the sea. Among them was that famous traveller, George Shelvoeke the younger, who accompanied his father in the circumnavigation of the globe in the year 1720, and was never tired of relating the perils, sufferings, and adventures of that voyage, and the wonders of the South Seas: an account of the voyage hath been published for the curious. There were also Captain Mayne, who commanded the *Worcester* in Admiral Vernon's expedition; Captain Petherick, Resident Commissioner of the Yard, who had a goodly collection of books of voyages, which he suffered Jack to borrow and to read; Mr. Peter Mostyn, formerly Cocket-writer in his Majesty's Custom House, and an ingenious, well-informed gentleman; Lieutenant Hepworth, late of General Powlett's Marines; and Mr. Underhill, retired purser of the King's Navy.

To be a purser is to hold a thankless office: it is he who is blamed for every barrel of damaged pork and for every box of weevily biscuit; he can please none; wherefore it is best for him not to try. As for the pleasures of a purser's life, I know not what they are. He must face the dangers of the deep with the rest; he must endure tempest and shipwreck; cannon-ball and grape-shot spare the purser no more than the first lieutenant, if he be on deck; and when the ship is cast away the purser drowns with the captain. Yet for all these perils he gets neither promotion nor honour. Would any man boast of having been purser, and therefore kept below in the cockpit with the surgeons and the wounded men, during the most gallant action ever fought? Yet there is one consolation for the purser. He can, and does continually, by his accounts, his purchases, his bribes and percentages, suck so much profit out of every voyage that he is presently able to leave the service and purchase a cottage, where, with a patch of garden to cultivate, perhaps a wife and children to cheer him, a few companions, a pipe of tobacco and a glass of punch, he may forget the darkness of the orlop deck, the stink of his store-rooms, the great tallow-candle in the glass lantern, by the light of which he had to keep his accounts and inspect his stores; the rolling of the ship, the thunder of the cannon in a battle, the cries of the wounded, the crash and wreck of the great ship on a rock, or the alarm of fire; yea, and even the daily purgatory caused by the tricks of the midshipmen and the gibes of the gun-room.

These gentlemen met nearly every night at the "Sir John Falstaff," by the Upper Water-Gate, for punch and conversation; they also came often to the Admiral's house, and were, one and all, kind to the lad who was thus brought among them, and freely talked with him; so that, being of an inquiring mind, and thus running about in the dockyard, and talking with old officers, common sailors, and pensioners, and with the help of the Apothecary, who from the first loved the boy, I think there was no part of the world, as there was no action of recent times, with which Jack was not as well acquainted as if he had been there. At the beginning, he was placed under my father, who made him begin the study of the Latin language, which he could not stomach, and would never willingly look into any books, except those which are concerned with the sea, such as Captain Park's "Defensive Wars by Sea," a very instructive work; "The Practical Sea-Gunner's Companion," "Gordon's Geography," and even the "Rigging Tables," over which he would pore contentedly for hours. He was also fond of reading voyages, and especially those volumes of Harris's and Purchas's collections—the first of the former, and the first and fourth of the latter—which are concerned with the South Seas, towards which his imagination was greatly drawn by his conversation with Mr. Brinjes and Mr. Shelvoeke. That he was always fighting other boys, especially the rough riverside lads, and was seldom without some external sign of combat, such as a black eye, cut lip, and swollen nose, certainly did not lessen him in his patron's regard, because, when all is told, the most valuable quality in a sailor is the love of fighting.

So strong and courageous was he, so ready to fight, and so

commonly backward in owning himself beaten, that none of his age and stature dared to contend with him—save at stone-throwing and at a distance—except one, of whom mention is here made; not because a boy's fights are matters of serious history, but because the fighting between these two, thus begun, was continued after both became men, and with consequences most important. This boy was the son of a boat-builder in the town; his name was Aaron Fletcher. In strength, age, and stature, nearly the same as Jack; in bravery and spirit, equal to him. Yet, whenever they fought—which was often—Aaron was defeated, because he lacked the dexterity and quickness of eye which beat down mere strength, and render courage useless. Yet Aaron would not own to inferiority; and, whenever the boys met, they began to snarl at each other like a pair of terriers, and the first stone was thrown, the first taunt uttered, the first blow delivered, and then, at it again, like French and English.

Further, that he neglected his Latin, went to sleep in church, put powder in the negroes' tobacco, tied ropes across the road to throw down belated wayfarers, and played a thousand pranks daily, may be admitted. These things only cost him a flogging when he was found out, and endeared him more and more to his guardian.

When Jack was eleven years of age, the Admiral, regardless of my father's protestations of the perils encountered by those who are ignorant of the classics, placed him wholly in the charge of Mr. Westmoreland, who, although only a Penman by trade, had acquired so great a proficiency in arithmetic, the rudiments of navigation, the taking of observations, and the working of logarithms, that he had no equal in the town, and was perfectly able to instruct a young gentleman before he went on board. In all these branches the boy showed and displayed an uncommon zeal and quickness. But, I verily believe, if he had thought that the study of Hebrew or Chaldean would have helped him forward in his profession, he would have entreated my father to teach him.

Mr. Westmoreland, his master, was a mild and gentle creature, who loved nothing but the study of mathematics and the art of fine writing, so that, though he wrote letters for any who came to him, and copied deeds for the attorney, and wrote out his sermon large and fair for the Vicar of St. Paul's, he always turned from these labours with joy to his books and his calculations. He was, in appearance, short and bent, with rounded shoulders, and with a hump (which made the boys call him My Lord). His voice was high and squeaky; he wore round horn spectacles; when these were off you perceived that his eyes were soft and affectionate; his forehead was high and square, and he wore a plain scratch wig. He was a patient teacher, and bore an excellent character for uprightness and piety, though he was despised by the rougher sort because, although he was now no more than forty, or thereabouts, he could not fight, or even defend himself.

He lived next door to the Apothecary, in that row of houses on the north side of the Trinity Almshouses where reside the better sort of tradesmen, such as the sexton of St. Nicolas; Mr. Skipworth, the principal barber and wig-maker, who shaved all the gentry in the place, and kept four assistants continually employed in dressing and flouring their wigs for them; the master measurer's assistant, and the master shipwright's assistant. But these honest folk did not call Mr. Brinjes their equal. He for his part, took his pipe nightly at the "Sir John Falstaff" with the gentlemen, while they used the "Plume of Feathers."

Under Mr. Westmoreland's instruction, Jack learned all that the ingenious Penman had to teach him, except his fine handwriting and the beautiful flourishes with which a dextrous pen can adorn a page; and by the time he was twelve years of age he understood the use of the compass, the sextant, the ship's charts, all the various parts of a ship and her rigging, and a great deal of geography and naval history.

As for the parts of a ship, he learned them chiefly in the Yard, where he would wander among the sheds and watch the building of the ships, the repair of those in the dry dock, and the fitting out of those in the wet dock, the bending of the great beams by steam, which is made to play upon them until they become soft, the making of rope, the cutting and shaping of pulleys and blocks, the forging of anchors, and every part of the business belonging to the construction of ships. Then, again, he learned the names and purposes of all the ropes, running and standing gear, sails, flags, signals, sailing rules, and rules for action, and his natural curiosity made him inquire into, and acquaint himself with, the way in which everything is made, and may be repaired or replaced. He learned all these things from natural eagerness and interest in everything concerning a ship; but in the end this knowledge stood him in good stead, because there is no detail in the conduct and construction of a ship which ought to be below the notice of the officers, a fact which many commanders forget, leaving the navigation of the ship to the master, her seaworthiness to the carpenter, and the health of the crew to the purser. Surely if, as hath been advanced by some, every boy is born with a clear vocation for some trade or profession, just as Paul, though an Apostle, was also a tent-maker, and Luke, at first a physician, and Peter a fisherman (afterwards of men); then, most certainly, Jack, by right divine and special calling of Providence, was a sailor.

While he sat every morning at work with his mild instructor, Mr. Westmoreland, there was always present a little girl, three years younger than himself, a child with black hair, rosy cheeks, and big black eyes. When it was winter weather this child sat in a little chair beside the fire; when it was warm and sunny, she sat in the open doorway. She was a grave child, who seldom played with other children; she had no dolls or toys; she took great pleasure in household things, and from a very early age was her father's housekeeper; when she grew older she became his ruler as well, ordering things as seemed her best. And though her father was so fond of books and learning, this girl would never so much as learn to read. One does not, to be sure, expect girls in her station to acquire the arts of reading and writing, if only because they have no books, and never have occasion to write. These arts would be as useless to them as the knowledge of riding or dancing the minuet. But it was strange that Bess should be so different in disposition as well as in appearance to her father; and stranger still, that so ricketty a man should be the father of so strong and stout a girl. As for her mother, no one knew whither she had gone, or what had become of her; it was said by those who remembered her that she was as comely as her daughter, but a mercurial and a shrew in temper, who led her mild husband a terrible life, even sometimes taking the broomstick to him, and beating him over the head with it, poor man!—or laying about her with the frying-pan, as ungoverned women use towards those husbands who, like Mr. Westmoreland, are afraid, or too weak of arm, to keep them in subordination by the same methods. She left her husband (he bore the loss with Christian submission) a year or two after marriage, and was reported to have been afterwards seen at Ranelagh, among the ladies and gentlemen there, dressed in a hoop, all in silk and satin, patches and paint, and fan in hand—very fine, and carrying a domino, just for all the world as if a Penman's wife could become a gentlewoman.

From the very first, a singular friendship existed between

Jack and this girl. He brought her apples, comfits, and cakes, which Philadelphia, Castilla's black nurse, made for him; he played with her, and made her laugh; then he teased her, and made her cry; then he coaxed her into good temper again. She was a child who fell into the most violent storms of passion, which none but Jack could subdue; he took a pleasure both in exciting her wrath and appeasing it. On the other hand, he never tried to enrage or to tease Castilla—perhaps because she was possessed of such extraordinary calmness and sweetness that it was impossible to provoke her, and it was waste of time, even for a boy who loves teasing, to practise upon one who regards it not. Bess, for her part, was one of those who would rather be teased into anger than neglected. It was pretty to see how she would sit when he was at his lessons with her father, watching him silently, and how she would follow him, when he suffered her, submissive and obedient; though there was nobody else in the world, not even her father, to whom this wilful girl would submit. There are some men to whom women willingly and joyfully submit themselves, and become their slaves with a kind of pride; but there are others to whom no woman will submit. Of the latter kind was Mr. Westmoreland, Bess's father, who was born to be ruled by his wife. Of the former, Jack was one; when he was only a boy the sailor's wives and daughters in the street would call after him for a pretty lad, and bid him come and be kissed; and when he was a man grown the maids would look at him as he passed along the street, and would follow him with longing eyes. But if a woman becomes the slave of man, she will have him to be her slave in return; for where there is great love, there is also great jealousy; and also where there is great love, there is also the possibility of great wrath and great revenge—as you will presently discover.

In one word, long before he went on board as a volunteer, young Jack Easterbrook was eager to feel the deck rolling under his feet, and to hear the first shot of his first action; he was also well advanced in all the knowledge of ropes and rigging, that the gunner has to teach the youngsters aboard. It is further to be noted that, at this early age, and before he went to sea, the boy had already acquired the settled conviction that all things which the round world contains, and the kindly earth produces, belong especially to the sailor by right divine, and were intended by Providence for his solace when ashore; that to provide for him, and for his comfort, landsmen toil perpetually; that while he is fighting our battles for us, we are gratefully devising, contriving, making, compounding, and inventing all kinds of things for his enjoyment when he comes back to us; such, for instance, as strong wine and old rum, music and fiddles, songs and dances, tobacco and snug taverns; he is to have the best of all; for him the most beautiful women reserve their favours, and desire to win his affections before those of any landsman whatever. Young and old, man, woman, boy, and girl, we all loved the boy. There was not in Deptford or in Greenwich a more gallant lad, one more brave and resolute, nor one more handsome. For all his fortune he had but his resolution and his sword. And he went forth to conquer the world with so brave a heart and a carriage so sprightly that the men laughed only for the pleasure of looking upon him, and the women cried. I am sure that the true soldier of fortune hath always made the women cry.

At the age of eleven, also, the Admiral, by permission of the captain, was enabled to place the name of the boy on the books of the *Lenox* as a volunteer, although he did not send him yet to sea, considerably holding that this age is too tender for the rough usage of boys aboard ship, though many boys are sent away so early. But, by entering him on the ship's company, he secured that his rating as midshipman should begin at thirteen and his commission as lieutenant be obtained at nineteen. So that, although the boy was still working with Mr. Westmoreland, he was supposed to be cruising with Captain Holmes aboard the *Lenox*.

CHAPTER IV.

HOW JACK FIRST WENT TO SEA.

In the autumn of the year 1747—the last but one of the war then raging—the Admiral judged that the time was now arrived when the boy should join his ship. "For," he said, "the lad is already nearly thirteen, and tall for his age; and he knows more than most youngsters have learned after twelve months at sea. He grows masterful, too, and will be all the better for the rope's-end which the gunner hath in store for him, and for the mast-head, where he will spend many pleasant hours. And as for the captain—Dick Holmes is not one who will skulk, or suffer his crew to skulk. What better can happen for a boy than to sail with a fighting captain?"

"Tis a brave lad, Admiral," said my father—'twas at the club or nightly assemblage at the "Sir John Falstaff." "By such stuff as this let us pray that England's fleets will always be manned. They have never heard of Selden's 'Mare Clausum,' and know not his argument, which is, to my mind, conclusive. Nevertheless, they go forth to support those arguments by a kind of blind instinct, which I take to be in itself a clear proof of his sound reasoning."

"I have never met any Mary Clausum," said the Admiral, "to my knowledge. Polly Collins, there was in my time, at Point—a black-eyed jade. But Jack is, as yet, full young to think of any Polly of them all."

"Nay, 'tis the title of a learned work. I meant only that if England is to be Queen of the Seas, which France and Spain still dispute with us, and are likely to dispute for a long while, it is well that we have such boys, and plenty of them. There can never be too many Britons born in the world."

"True, Doctor; especially if we go on expending them in this fashion."

"We send forth this tender child, Sir," continued the Vicar of St. Paul's, "to a hard and rough life. He may be wrecked; he may be killed in action; he may lose his limbs; there are a thousand perils in his way. Yet we do not pity him, because, if his life must needs be short, it will be honourable. And he is in the hands of Providence."

"That is true, Doctor. Though as to danger, hang me if I think he is worse off aboard ship than he would be ashore, what with sharks and lawyers, rogues and murderers, robbers and cheats, to say nothing of the women. And on board ship they cannot get at a man. And as for hardships—why, every youngster looks forward to being an Admiral at least, and to lead his squadron into a victorious engagement—and sometimes he does it, too."

"As for me, Admiral," said Mr. Brinjes, "I shall bid good-bye to the lad with a vast deal of pleasure. He will go never a day too soon. Keep a lad too long and he gets stale. As for dangers, I think you are right. But there are dangers afloat which the landsman does not know, and more dangers than the enemy's shot or a gale of wind. A boy may have a bully for first lieutenant, or a tyrant for captain." Here his only eye flashed fire, from which one may conjecture that he had himself experienced this accident, and still cherished the memory; "or a skinflint and a cheese-scraper for a purser."

"Nay, nay," said Mr. Underhill, "the purser is for ever in fault."

"Or a lickspittle for a Master; there are rogues and scoundrels afloat as well as ashore. Mark you, if it is bad for the midshipmen, 'tis worse for the crew; in such ships are floggings daily, and mutinous words whispered 'tween deck, with rope's-ending and continual flogging, no matter how smart a man may be; and yet they wonder why men rise sometimes and murder their officers and carry off the ship under the black flag. Pirates? why, even if they knew that the gibbet was already built whereon they were to hang in chains till they dropped to pieces, do you think they would not have their revenge, and then a free and a merry life, if only for a short year or two before they die?" and with that Mr. Brinjes looked about him so fiercely that for a while no one spoke.

"These words are better said ashore than afloat," said the Admiral, presently. "I've tied up a man and given him six dozen—ay, or hanged him for mutiny, for less than that, Mr. Brinjes."

"Very like, very like," returned Mr. Brinjes, recovering his good temper. "I will remember it, Admiral, if ever I ship with you. As for the boy now—this boy of ours—he will do well, and will turn out a credit to us all, Admiral. I have never known a more resolute lad or one better fitted for the work before him. I have taught him, for my own part, how the land lays as regards the wickedness of men, both ashore and afloat. He is prepared for a good deal; and so far, I think, never was a lad sent abroad better prepared. He knows as much, Doctor, not to speak boastfully, as a Roman Catholic confessor. Now, when a boy is fully acquainted with devilry, he need fear no devils, male or female."

The ship on whose books he was borne—namely, the *Lenox*, Captain Richard Holmes—was now refitting at Sheerness, being under orders to join the West Indian squadron of seven ships under Rear-Admiral Knowles, at Port Royal, Jamaica. A beautiful ship she was, nearly new, a third-rate, of seventy guns, though at this time she carried no more than fifty-six, and a complement of six hundred men. You shall hear, presently, with what singular good fortune the boy began his course. This good fortune continued with him unbroken until the event which I have to relate, so that, in thinking of Jack, I am reminded of that Lydian King who was told by the philosopher to count no man happy until the end. Always, in every ship, he gained the good opinion of the superior officers; always the actions in which he fought were victorious; promotion and distinction, prize-money, and escape from shot and cutlass wound—what more could a sailor desire? To be sure, there was one voyage which proved disastrous. Even here he escaped drowning when so many perished. Besides, this was in time of peace.

It is generally believed that boys are shipped off to sea because they are too loutish and stupid for the arts by which landsmen rise. But we do not hear that such lads rise to distinction by reason of loutishness. This is not the way with those who live in a dockyard town. There the flower of the youth flock to the service, and there is no lack of volunteers, even for ordinary seamen, in time of war. There are skulkers, it is true; but they are more common at Wapping than at Deptford. As for officers, happy that boy who wears the King's uniform; envied is he among his companions. You may judge he wants but little admonition to encourage him in zeal.

"Boy," said the Admiral, catechising the lad before he joined his ship, "what is thy first duty?"

"Respect for superiors, Sir," said Jack.

"Right; and the next? No argument on board. And when fighting begins don't gape about the ship to duck for any cannon-shot that flies over head; but stand steady at quarters, eyes open, and hands ready. What? Many a chance comes of showing your mettle when least expected, as when a boarding attack is repelled, or the word is given to leap on board and at 'em. Be ever ready, yet not too forward, lest it seem a reflection upon thy betters. Wait till thy time comes. When it does come—but, by the Lord, Jack, I have no fear of thee!"

Other directions the Admiral gave the boy, which may be here omitted; the more particularly, as they referred to the conduct which a boy should observe in port and on shore; and the Admiral's warnings were plain and clear, and such as may be read in the Book of Proverbs. My father also admonished the boy, particularly on the wickedness of profane swearing. Of this he was likely to hear only too much, and, indeed, his captain was reported to be one who enforced his orders with a great deal of hard swearing. My father also addressed a few words to this young sailor on the evils of immoderate drinking, too common on land, though restricted by wholesome discipline at sea. And he instructed the boy how he should govern himself, keep his temper in control, guard his tongue, fight his shipmates no more than was necessary for self-respect and honour; and how, when the time should come when he himself was to be put in authority, he should be merciful in punishment, and err on the side of leniency, remembering that though a man's back must suffer for his sins, he should not be torn to pieces and cruelly lacerated—as is the practice on board some ships—save for the most heinous offences against order, morality, and discipline. "The ancient Romans," added my father, "could, if they chose, flog a slave to death. Yet it was counted infamous to use this power. The captain of a King's ship has this power, also, seeing that he may, if he so please, order a man as many as five hundred lashes—a truly dreadful punishment, under which the strongest man may succumb. Reserve this power when thou hast it, Jack. Three dozen, or even one, in the case of young sailors, may be as efficacious as six dozen: a wholesome discipline is better served by moderation than by cruelty."

I know not how far my father's admonitions produced good fruit. In after time, Jack was ready enough to rap out a profane word. On the other hand, he was beloved by the men on account of his punishments, which were as certain after offence as the stroke of the ship's bell, but never cruel. It were to be wished some captains on land as well as at sea would remember that three dozen may be sometimes as good as six dozen! It was but yesterday that a poor fellow, a Grenadier, under sentence to be shot for desertion, had his punishment commuted, as they called it, to five hundred lashes. He appealed, and the previous sentence was confirmed; therefore he went boldly to his death, thinking it better to be hanged than to be tortured by the lash until he died.

Then we all engaged upon Jack's sea-chest; and I suppose no bride ever contemplated her new furniture and house-linen with more pride and satisfaction than Jack bestowed upon his chest. It was strong and stoutly made, with a till and two trays. It contained his uniform coat, his watch coat, a glazed hat for night watch in bad weather, two hats each with a gold loop and a cockade, his stockings, shirts (they were of the finest kind, fit for a young gentleman, with lace ruffles), his boots, handkerchief, crimson sash, and his hanger. Besides these things there were his log-books, ruled and prepared for him by Mr. Westmoreland; pens cut for him by the same hand; a quadrant, with a day and a night glass; the "Elements of Navigation," the "Sailor's Vade-Mecum," the "Sea Gunner's Companion," and a book on the "Method of Computing Observations," so that he was amply provided with his favourite reading. To these were added, by my father,

a copy of the Holy Bible, with the Book of Common Prayer. These things, with a pocket compass and a tin pannikin or two, a book of songs, and a few other trifles, made up Jack's outfit.

When all was ready and the time of departure was come, the Admiral put into his hand a purse full of guineas, and told him that until such time as he should be rated midshipman, an allowance of thirty guineas a year should be given to him. This is a liberal addition to a boy's pay, and I doubt whether any other youngster on board the *Lenox* possessed so splendid an addition to his two pounds a month.

On the morning of his departure our young hero appeared dressed for the first time in his blue uniform coat, with the gold loop in his hat, and his hanger at his side, trying to look as if he had worn it for years, and was unconcerned about his personal appearance. He was going down to Sheerness in a tilt-boat, accompanied by two of the Admiral's negroes, to get his sea-chest aboard, and provided with a letter for the captain. We all went down to the Stairs with him—the Admiral, my father, Castilla and myself, with Philadelphia. We found, also waiting on the Stairs, Mr. Westmoreland and Bess, Mr. Brinjes, and the boy Aaron Fletcher.

"Farewell, Master Jack," said Mr. Westmoreland, in his cracked and squeaky voice, "Farewell; I shall never have so good a pupil again. Forget not the rules for the right placing of the decimal point, and do not neglect practice in the Tables of Logarithms."

"Good-bye," said Jack, shaking his hand. "I will remember. Good-bye, Bess." He laid his arm round the girl's neck—she was now ten years of age, and as tall as Castilla, though a year younger—and kissed her on both cheeks. "Good-bye, my girl—give me another." He kissed her again. Bess said nothing; but the tears rolled down her cheeks, and her father drew her away to make room for his betters.

Then Jack saw Aaron, and he laughed aloud.

"Ho! ho! Aaron Fletcher. There isn't time for a fight this morning, Aaron," he said; "give us your hand."

Aaron took the proffered hand, but doubtfully.

"I thought I'd come to see thee start, Master Jack," he said; "and I wanted to say"—

"Well?" asked Jack; for the lad hesitated.

"To say when you come back—if it's next year or next ten years—I'll fight you again, for all your gold loop."

"So you shall, Aaron—so you shall," said Jack, with another laugh. "That's a bargain."

And so, with a kiss to Castilla, and a shake of the hand to me, and after receiving the blessing of the Admiral, who needed not to spoil its solemnity by a profane oath, he leaped into the boat, took the strings, and ordered the men to give way. But he looked back once, and waved his hand, crying out, "Good-bye, Bess." So his last thought was of the Penman's girl.

"When he comes home, Aaron," said Bess, wiping away her tears, "Jack shall beat you into a jelly."

"I'll break every bone in his body for him," said Aaron. "Oh! I wish he would come back to-morrow. And you may be there to see, if you like."

"I shall tell him the first thing when he comes back. What? You dare ask him to fight? You? I wonder, for my part, that a Midshipman should dirty his fist upon your face."

The Admiral looked after the receding boat, his red face full of affection and emotion. Beside him stood my father, in wig and cassock, as becomes a Doctor of Divinity. Mr. Brinjes, in his brown morning coat and scratch wig, looked a strange companion to them. But the watermen on the Stairs stood aside even more respectfully for him than for the Admiral. He might, indeed, knock them over the head with his gold-headed stick, but he could not, like Mr. Brinjes, scatter rheumatic pains and toothache among them.

And here a singular thing happened. There is no man more free from superstitious terrors, I think, than myself. Yet I cannot but remember that while Castilla cried, and I myself should have liked nothing better than to cry, but for the unmanliness of the thing, the old witch-woman—she was nothing less—this Mandingo prophetess, whose powers were as real as those believed to belong to Mr. Brinjes—began to shiver and to shake and her teeth to chatter. To be sure, it was a morning in December, but mild for the time of year, and the sun shining. No doubt some cold breath struck her face and made her shiver. But, to Philadelphia, everything unexpected was full of prophetic warning, could she read it aright.

"What does it mean?" she murmured, "What in the world can it mean? I dun know what this shiver means; Mas'r Jack come home again, I think, and play mischief with some of us. There's trouble sure, for somebody—trouble and crying; Dun you be afraid, Miss Castil, ole Philadelphia know plenty words to keep off the Devil."

She meant that she had plenty of incantations or charms by which to avert and ward off evil. I am sure there was never a witch-woman or Obeah man on the African coast or in Jamaica had more spells and secrets of magic and unholy craft than this old negress.

(To be continued.)

Messrs. W. D. Jeremy, C. Forbes, Edwyn Jones, and John Rose have been called to the bench of Gray's Inn. The "Bacon" scholarship of £45, tenable for two years, has been granted to Mr. E. F. V. Knox; and the "Holt" scholarship of £40, also tenable for two years, to Mr. W. H. Dumsday.

The delegates of the Associated Chambers of Commerce met on Thursday week in the Conference-room of the Indian and Colonial Exhibition, when several subjects relating to trade and commerce were discussed. A resolution was passed in favour of federating with that body similar associations in the colonies. Friday and Saturday were devoted to relaxation by the English and Colonial delegates, who attended the three days' conferences.

The annual conversazione of the British Archaeological Association took place on the 8th inst., in the gallery of the Society of British Artists, Suffolk-street, Pall-mall. There was a numerous attendance, among those present being Mr. Morgan (hon. treasurer), Mr. E. P. Loftus Brock and Mr. W. De Gray Birch (hon. secs.), Mr. George Bullen, Mr. Halliwell-Phillips, Mr. H. Fisher, Mr. C. H. Compton, Mr. George Sims, and Professor Hodgetts. A selection of music was performed during the evening, and the conversazione was brought to a conclusion by a dance.

Last month the officers of the Fishmongers' Company seized at and near Billingsgate Market, and on board boats lying off that place, over 121 tons of fish as unfit for human food. Of this large quantity 46 tons came by water and 75 tons by land; 99 tons were wet fish (including 21 tons of immature fish given over to the company as being quite useless to the trade), and 22 tons were shellfish. The weight of fish delivered at Billingsgate during the month was 13,341 tons, of which 8176 tons came by land and 5165 tons by water. Among the fish seized were cockles, cod, crabs, eels, gurnets, haddock (24 tons), halibut, herrings, kippers, lobsters, mackerel, mullets, mussels, periwinkles (10 tons), plaice (24 tons), roach, shrimps, skate, soles, trout, turbot, whelks, whitebait, and whiting (18 tons).

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The Irish Probate, granted at Dublin, of the will (dated Jan. 26, 1883), with two codicils (dated Sept. 24, 1883, and March 30, 1885), of the Right Hon. and Most Rev. Richard Chenevix Trench, D.D., formerly Archbishop of Dublin, late of Broomfield, in the county of Wicklow, who died on March 28 last, at No. 23, Eaton-square, to Thomas Cooke Trench, Colonel Frederick Trench, the son, and Cholmley Austen Leigh, the executors, was resealed in London on the 28th ult., the aggregate value of the personal estate in England and Ireland amounting to upwards of £80,000. The testator bequeaths £3000 to Thomas Cooke Trench and the Rev. Canon Scott, to apply as they may think right for the benefit of the Church of Ireland, or any archbishopric, bishopric, benefice, incumbency, preferment, or institution thereof; £1000 to his wife, Mrs. Frances Mary Trench, to apply as she may think right to any charitable institution or among dependents; the policies of insurance on his life, with the bonuses, upon trust, for his wife for life, and then for his children as she shall appoint; the portrait of himself, by Sir Thomas Jones, presented to him, to devolve with the palace to his successors in the archbishopric of Dublin; the copyright of his works and his books in the hands of the publishers to his son, the Rev. Alfred Chenevix Trench; the volume of letters of Lord Chesterfield to his great-grandfather, the Bishop of Waterford, to his son Frederick; and among other articles of interest mentioned is the silver cup presented to his great-grandfather by the Prince of Orange, which on the death of his wife is to go to one of his children; and there are other bequests to his wife and children, and legacies to servants and others. Certain lands in Ireland are settled upon each of his sons, Frederick, Charles, and Alfred Chenevix, and the residue of his property he distributes among his children.

The will (dated Oct. 25, 1882) of the Right Hon. William Edward Forster, M.P., P.C., late of Wharfedale, Burley, Yorkshire, and of No. 80, Eccleston-square, who died on April 5 last, was proved at the Wakefield District Registry, on the 2nd ult., by Mrs. Jane Martha Forster, the widow, John Wakefield Cropper, Edward Penrose Arnold-Forster, and Hugh Oakley Arnold-Forster, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £80,000. The testator bequeaths £200, free of duty, to each of his executors other than Mrs. Forster; and the residue of his personal estate to his wife, for her absolute use and benefit. All the lands, buildings, tenements, and hereditaments, of every tenure, of which he may die seized or possessed of, he gives to his wife, also for her absolute use and benefit. Certain trust moneys under his marriage settlement, after the death of his wife, he appoints to her, her executors and administrators.

The will (dated July 9, 1882), with a codicil (dated Dec. 26, 1882), of Mr. Christopher Turnor, J.P., D.L., late of Stoke Rochford, in the county of Lincoln, who died on March 7 last, was proved on the 10th ult. by Algernon Turnor, the son, and Viscount Emlyn, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £86,000. The testator gives an additional jointure to his wife, Lady Caroline Turnor, and bequeaths legacies to executors, servants, and others. He mentions that the settled family estates will pass to his eldest son; recites the various appointments and gifts already made in favour of his children, and makes further provision for some of them. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his daughters, Bertha Kathleen and Dora Agnes Caroline. The deceased was formerly M.P. for Cambridgeshire.

The will (dated Feb. 17, 1873), with seven codicils, of Mr. Frederick Barne, J.P., D.L., late of Sotherley Hall and Grey Friars, Dunwich, Suffolk, who died on March 9 last, was proved on the 4th ult. by Mrs. Mary Ann Elizabeth Barne, the widow, and Colonel Frederick St. John Newdegate Barne, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £58,000. The testator makes a few bequests, and gives annuities to his groom and footman. All his farms, lands, money, money in the funds and on mortgage, and personal estate, he leaves to his wife, and on her death to his grandson, Miles Barne.

The will (dated Sept. 29, 1880), with two codicils (dated June 4 and July 16, 1881), of Mr. William Long, J.P., late of West Hay, Winton, Somersetshire, who died on April 14 last, was proved on the 11th ult. by Lieutenant-Colonel William Long, the son, and Joseph Aaron Timmins, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £51,000. The testator bequeaths legacies to his children, and to servants, the directors of Stuckey's Banking Company, and others. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves equally between his three children, William, John Neale Henry, and Elizabeth Mary Diana.

The will (dated Feb. 23, 1886) of Miss Alice Isabel Lucan Gordon, late of No. 46, Princes-gate, and No. 13, Via San Basilio, Rome, who died on May 4 last, was proved on the 9th ult. by Charles Bernard Ward, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom exceeding £34,000. The testatrix makes bequests to her mother and to Mrs. Hutchinson. The residue of her real and personal estate she gives to the Rev. Father in God, Monsignor Gaetano Carli, Catholic Bishop of Almira; but if he should not be living at the time of her decease, then to the person who shall be Pope of Rome at that time.

The will (dated Oct. 5, 1885), with a codicil (dated March 6, 1886), of the Hon. George Liddell, late of Somerville, Ryde, Isle of Wight, who died on April 15 last, was proved on the 4th ult. by the Hon. and Rev. Robert Liddell, the brother, and Stuart Trotter, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £20,000. The testator bequeaths £3000 each to his brothers Robert and George Augustus Frederick; £1500 to Lady Bloomfield; £1000 to his sister, the Countess Dowager of Hardwicke; and legacies to nephews, nieces, servants, and others. The residue of his personal estate he gives to nephews and nieces.

The will (dated Sept. 8, 1885) of the Rev. Francis Chenevix Trench, formerly Rector of Islip, Oxford, who died on April 3 last, was proved on the 4th ult. by Miss Mary Melesina Chenevix Trench and Mrs. Maria Marcia Fannie Farrer, the daughters, and Captain Frederick Farrer, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £13,000. The testator devises and bequeaths all his estate and effects whatsoever, both real and personal, to his said two daughters, to be equally divided between them.

The forty-seventh annual meeting of the Shipwrecked Fishermen and Mariners' Society was held on the 8th inst. at the Sailors' Home, Dock-street—Captain the Hon. F. Maude, R.N., presiding. The expenditure for the past year had been £22,585, and the committee made an earnest appeal for further support and sympathy.

The tenth anniversary meeting of the Sanitary Institute was held on the 8th inst., at the Royal Institution, Sir R. Rawlinson presiding; and a paper was read by Dr. Hime on M. Pasteur's system of inoculation. In the evening, the members dined together at the Holborn Restaurant, when the chair was taken by Captain Douglas Galton, president for the year.



1. THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY'S SHOW-YARD.

2. ENTRANCE TO THE SHOW-YARD.

3. TOWER, ON THE RIVER WENSUM.

4. SKETCH IN THE TOMBLAND.

5. VIEW OF THE SHOW-YARD, FROM WHITLINGHAM.

6. WHITLINGHAM CHURCH.

NORWICH.

The meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society of England at Norwich this week, and the visit of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales to that important provincial city, recall attention to some interesting features. On the banks of the small river Wensum, which joins the Yare to reach the sea-shore at Great Yarmouth, was one of the ancient strongholds of the British nation of the Iceni, whose Roman conquerors made their fortified camp at Caistor. The East Anglians, whom Mr. Freeman will no longer permit us to confound with the Saxons, erected the "burh" of "Northwic"; and, when their kingdom became a prey to the Danish invaders, early in the eleventh century, this old English town was sacked and burnt by the marauding foreigners, under the leadership of Sweyn. It was again captured, seventy years later, by King William the Norman; and the Norman Castle, of which the keep or impregnable tower remains in tolerable preservation, was completed by Hugh Bigod, the Constable, Earl of Norfolk, in the reign of Henry II.

Norwich Castle stands on a hill overlooking the old part of the city, formerly enclosed by the town walls; its keep is a huge square pile, about 100 ft. on each side, nearly 70 ft. high, with stone walls from 10 ft. to 13 ft. thick, which was entered not on the basement, but by a grand arched doorway to an upper floor, approached on one side by broad stone steps, with a projecting tower of defence. The arched doorway, being double, is supported by four columns, the capitals of which are decorated with sculptures of huntsmen and dogs, a wild ox, and a wild boar. In the interior of the building is a Norman chapel, with various sculptured decorations. In the reign of Edward III. Norwich Castle became the county jail, and has, therefore, no military history worth mention; but its dungeons, when used for the imprisonment of ordinary felons, were described by John Howard as abominable places for human habitation. The old gate-houses of the fortified town have been removed; but on the river-banks are still remaining the towers which guarded the "boom," once placed across the stream to stop vessels till they paid the toll. The Bishop's Bridge, with its grotesque stone carvings, is an antiquarian curiosity. A quaint bit of the old town is seen in the Tombland, between Upper King-street and the Cathedral Close.

Norwich Cathedral was founded in 1096 by the Norman Bishop Herbert De Losinga, who removed the Episcopal See from Thetford. The choir, the lower part of the presbytery and transept, the nave, and the lower stage of the tower are of Norman architecture; but the roofs, and some parts of the edifice altogether, belong to different periods of the Gothic style. The exterior is glorified by a spire rising to 315 ft., 175 ft. above the tower, excelled by none in the kingdom but that of Salisbury. The quadrangle of cloisters, built mostly in the fourteenth century, in the Decorated Gothic style, is as beautiful as anything of its kind in England, being richly adorned with sculptures of Biblical scenes and figures. The ornaments of the interior of the church have suffered greatly from wanton and wilful destruction under the pretext of fanatical zeal. The Puritans, in 1643, allowed a savage mob to break in and perpetrate stupid havoc, when the cathedral, says Bishop Hall, "was filled with musketeers drinking and tobaccoing, as if it had been an alehouse; vestments and service books were carried to the fire in the public market-place, a lewd wretch walking before the train, in his cope trailing in the dirt, with a book in his hand, in impious scorn, imitating the tune and usurping the words of the Litany." The mob of an earlier time, in Wat Tyler's insurrection, in 1381, was defeated with secular arms and weapons of carnal warfare by Bishop Henry De Spenser, who fought the rabble and drove them out of the city. In 1549, an agrarian tumult, headed by Robert Ket, the tanner of Wymondham, brought a numerous body of insurgents to encamp on Mousehold Heath, adjacent to Norwich; but they were dispersed by the Earls of Northampton and Warwick; and Ket was hanged at the castle.

The history of this old city, though it has noteworthy incidents, nevertheless does not present such great warlike events as that of some other places in England. The Erpingham Gate, in front of the cathedral, commemorates the worthy old Sir Thomas Erpingham, who commanded the archers at Agincourt, and who appears in Shakspeare's "Henry V." It has been supposed that he was ordered to build this gate as a penance for the sin of befriending the Lollards; but the fact is not proved. The Ethelbert Gate, at the south end of the Cathedral Close, was erected by the townfolk as an atonement for injuries done in 1272 by a town riot, which seems to have been provoked by the arrogance of the clergy. There was a great Dominican monastery at Norwich, the buildings of which, at the Reformation, were granted to the Mayor and burgesses, and the nave of the Convent Church became St. Andrew's Hall. In this hall, which is a fine example of Perpendicular Gothic, Charles II. and the Duke of York were entertained at a grand banquet in 1671, and it has often witnessed similar public festivities. Its modern stained-glass windows display the arms of some thirty Mayors of Norwich; it has a very fine organ, is a favourite concert-room, and its walls are hung with many portraits of local worthies.

The great parish church is that of St. Peter Mancroft, "Magna Crofta," erected in the fifteenth century, and now handsomely restored; St. Andrew's Church, St. Gregory, St.

John Maddermarket, St. Lawrence, St. Giles, and St. Michael Coslany, are notable ecclesiastical structures of antiquity. But Norwich has also been distinguished as the birthplace of important Dissenting communities, which may have been partly due to the settlement of Flemish and Dutch refugees here, and French Huguenots of a later period. Robert Browne, the founder of "Independency," which is now called "Congregationalism," was preaching here in 1580, but was obliged to go to Holland, whence his followers returned in 1642. The "Old Meeting-house" was then established, and its early ministers were among the most learned and devout of the Puritan divines. The Baptists, the Quakers, and the Unitarians (whose chapel is called "the Octagon") have flourishing congregations in this town.

Norwich has thriven by trade and manufactures; but its weaving industry, except that of crape, no longer commands a profitable market; it makes boots and shoes for exportation, also clothing of different kinds, and has extensive ironworks, machine factories, carriage factories, breweries, distilleries, and manufactories of biscuits, vinegar, and mustard; the last-mentioned article, with starch and some other goods, being produced by Messrs. J. and J. Colman, at the Carrow Works. The vinegar and spirit distillery of Messrs. Hills and Underwood, at Thorpe; the factories of galvanised wire netting, fencing, hurdles, kitchen ranges and stoves, belonging to Messrs. Barnard and Bishop and Messrs. Boulton and Paul; and those of agricultural machinery, conducted by Messrs. Holmes and Sons, Riches and Watts, and Sturgess and Towlson, contribute to the prosperity of Norwich. The population of the city and suburbs is about 90,000.

The Guildhall, used also for the Assizes and Sessions Court, is an old building of interesting outward aspect, partly of the fifteenth century, but with large alterations or reconstructions, making it chiefly Elizabethan; there are some good portraits in the Mayor's Council Chamber; and the Corporation silver-gilt plate, maces, and other ornaments, are worthy of inspection. Among the local institutions, one of the most excellent is the Norfolk and Norwich Hospital, a fine new range of buildings at St. Stephen's Gate, of which the first stone was laid in 1879 by the Prince of Wales. The Jenny Lind Infirmary for sick children was founded by Madame Lind-Goldschmidt, in 1850, with a fund raised partly by her singing at concerts in St. Andrew's Hall. Norwich has been distinguished for musical, artistic, and literary taste, and has produced eminent scholars, as well as painters such as "Old Crome"; indeed, Norfolk and Suffolk have done much for English schools of art. It is, in all departments of social life, one of the most respectable examples of the English provincial town or city; and a good southern counterpart is found at Ipswich. East Anglia retains, in full vigour, the best characteristics of the national life, without much disturbance from the importation of new and foreign elements, or the overwhelming predominance of commercial and manufacturing interests; and its people in Norfolk and Suffolk are of the genuine English type.

After an interval of thirty-seven years, the Royal Agricultural Society has once more visited Norwich. A more appropriate place could not have been selected, seeing that Norwich claims to be the most important English provincial agricultural centre, and that the Prince of Wales, as a Norfolk landed proprietor, has for the last quarter of a century displayed an increasing interest in agriculture, and has given the present meeting a patronage characterised by warm, active, personal interest. In order to secure increased success to the present Royal meeting, the Norfolk and Suffolk Agricultural Societies have altogether waived their summer exhibitions this year. The Essex and Cambridgeshire Societies were not equally complaisant, but the effect of the action of Norfolk and Suffolk has been that a suggestion made some years since by the Prince of Wales, that an East Anglian Agricultural Society should be formed, has, to some extent, been practically realised. The site of the meeting is what is known as the Crown Point Estate, two miles from Norwich, and one mile from the Trowse Station of the Great Eastern Railway. It is part of the land attached to Carrow House, the residence of Mr. J. J. Colman, M.P., who has placed it at the disposal of the Royal Agricultural Society. A special siding has been constructed from the Trowse Station, and, mainly through the energy of Mr. J. J. Colman, a new ordinary road has been formed, so that convenient means of access have been provided to the show grounds. From the entrance gates an excellent view is obtainable of the charmingly picturesque valley of the Yare, which, with a great mass of woods at its back, is now seen at its best. From the village of Whittingham, on the Yare, looking across the river, the show-yard is seen, with sheds covering half a mile. The show of live stock is a very fine one. Although the implement classes present some falling-off, this is the only indication which the show affords of the agricultural depression of which we have heard so long. The entries of implements at the Society's meetings have for the past five years been on the wane, a circumstance which would appear to show that in dull times it does not exactly answer for minor implement firms to continue to put in an appearance. The great implement-houses, as Clayton and Shuttleworth, Hornby, Ransome, Bentall, Burrell, Crosskill, Garrett, Howard, Marshall, Ruston, and Robey, are, of course, represented. The arrangement of the show is very similar to that of previous years, except that in the centre is a very handsome pavilion for the Prince of Wales, who is the President of the Society. Outside, a

gay bank of bright flowering plants gives a very beautiful appearance. Surrounding this pavilion are the various buildings for stewards, members, club officials, and the Press; while on the opposite side of the broad avenue, and immediately facing the Prince's pavilion, is the working dairy, to which Mr. H. M. Jenkins, the secretary, has written a useful guide. Beyond the central group of offices are the whole of the live stock; and on the opposite side are the sheds for implements, seeds, and models. On Monday morning the show was opened to the public, and the whole day was occupied in judging the various classes of horses, cattle, sheep, and pigs. In the evening Mr. Colman entertained the Council of the Society to dinner. On Tuesday the Prince and Princess of Wales arrived from Sandringham, and were met at the pavilion on the ground by the Lord Lieutenant and Lady Leicester, the High Sheriff of Norfolk, the Mayor of Norwich and Mrs. Gurney, Mr. and Mrs. Colman, Sir Edward Birkbeck, and other gentlemen. There was a general meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society, presided over by his Royal Highness. In the afternoon the Prince and Princess saw a parade of horses, and visited the show of the Norfolk and Norwich Horticultural Society. On Wednesday their Royal Highnesses were present at a déjeuner given at St. Andrew's Hall by the Mayor to the Council of the Royal Agricultural Society, the local committees, and the principal landowners and agriculturists of Norfolk and Suffolk. Their Royal Highnesses visited the dog show at the Agricultural Hall, returning to Sandringham by the quarter to six train. On Thursday evening the Mayor was to give a soirée in St. Andrew's Hall, and on the following day the Prince of Wales would again visit the Agricultural Show.

Sir Saul Samuel, K.C.M.G., Agent-General for New South Wales, has been informed by telegram of the arrival in Sydney of the steamer Port Victor, which sailed from Plymouth with emigrants in May last.

National life and national beliefs are nowhere more strongly marked than in popular poetry; and, for this reason, the *Essays in the Study of Folk-Songs*, by the Countess Evelyn Martinengo-Cesaresco (London: George Redway), form an interesting as well as a useful contribution to any folk-lore library. The essays, which have appeared in various periodicals from time to time, are, of necessity, somewhat without cohesion; but, as we understand the authoress's aim, it is to show how, in all countries and in all periods (before the dawn of literary style and printed books), certain ideas are to be found common to every nationality; and that whilst "culture" may introduce wealth into a literature, it destroys not a few of the wild flowers which were indigenous to the soil. The author, moreover, brings out with great clearness the influence exercised by an apparently small and unimportant people—the Armenians—over European literature. Possibly they drew their sense of poetry and their love of nature from older sources, and in the flow of ignorance and violence which overwhelmed the Eastern world, some chosen survivors found refuge on the slopes of Mount Ararat. Be this as it may, and it is not the thesis put forward in this volume, the Countess Martinengo shows that the singers of the Armenian tribes found in the trees, the birds, the flowers, &c., by which they were surrounded, sources of inspiration, which furnished themes often in similar language to the poets of Venice, Sicily, and possibly also to the troubadours of Provence. Another interesting question discussed in these essays is the wide diffusion of popular ballads amongst people who had historically and ethnographically no connection. In the well-known song of "Lord Ronald," given by Sir Walter Scott in his "Border Minstrelsy," the mother asks—

"What gat ye to dinner, Lord Ronald, my son?"
"I gat eels in broo."

replies the hapless lover. The Countess Martinengo shows that as far back as 1629 a blind Florentine ballad-monger, Camillo il Bianchino, used to sing in the streets of Verona a song which came under the reprobation of the Academia della Crusca, because it made mention of a lover to whom his false sweetheart gave "un' anguilla arrosto cotta nel pentolino dell'olio" (a roasted eel cooked in an oil pipkin); and when the ballad came to be reprinted, the eel was hashed (in guazzatto). This same ballad, moreover, is sung by the peasants of Lombardy, Tuscany, and Venetia; it has been found in Germany and Sweden; and, in a somewhat altered form, in both Portuguese and Roumanian. The idea of a girl poisoning her lover might not unnaturally occur to poets of all nations; but the identical choice of the means employed is curious. "Folk-Lullabies" form one of the more delightful chapters in this interesting volume; and from them we gather, not only some notion of how religious ideas gradually engraft themselves upon popular superstitions, but how to each nation, and perhaps to each tribe, a different natural object is selected as the type or term of endearment. The Finnish peasant mother calls her baby "her little field-bird, her red-breast," the Sicilian addresses hers as "a bunch of jasmine, a handful of oranges and lemons," the Moldavian as her "gilliflower." Examples of this kind might be multiplied indefinitely, but enough has been said to show that the author of these charming essays has the rare merit of telling us much about mythology and folk-lore, which but for her might have been buried indefinitely in the learned and unexplored transactions of some Philological Society.



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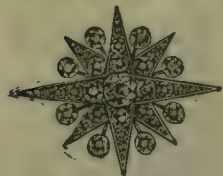
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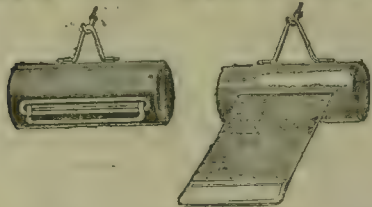
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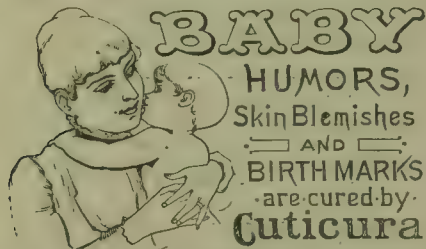
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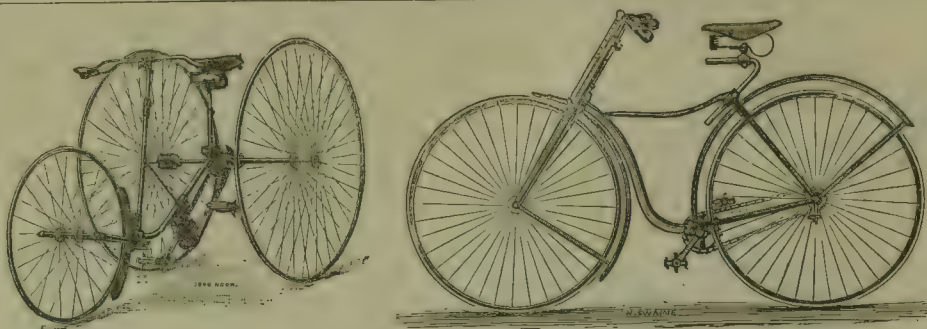
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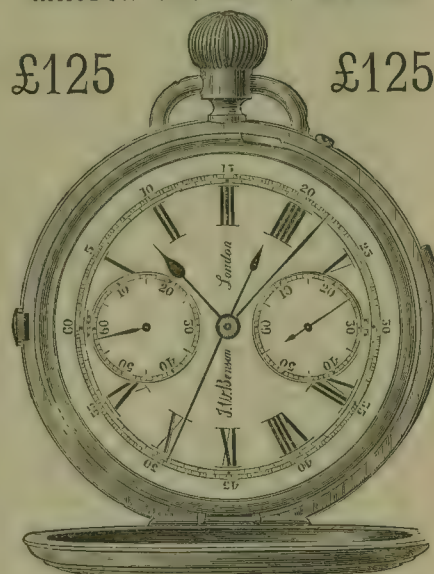
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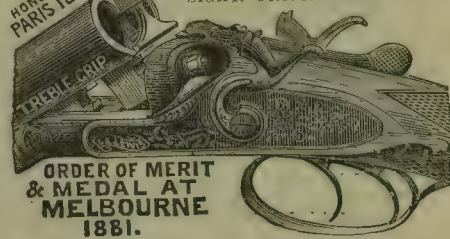
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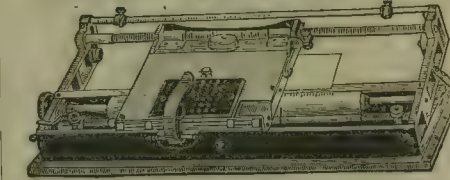
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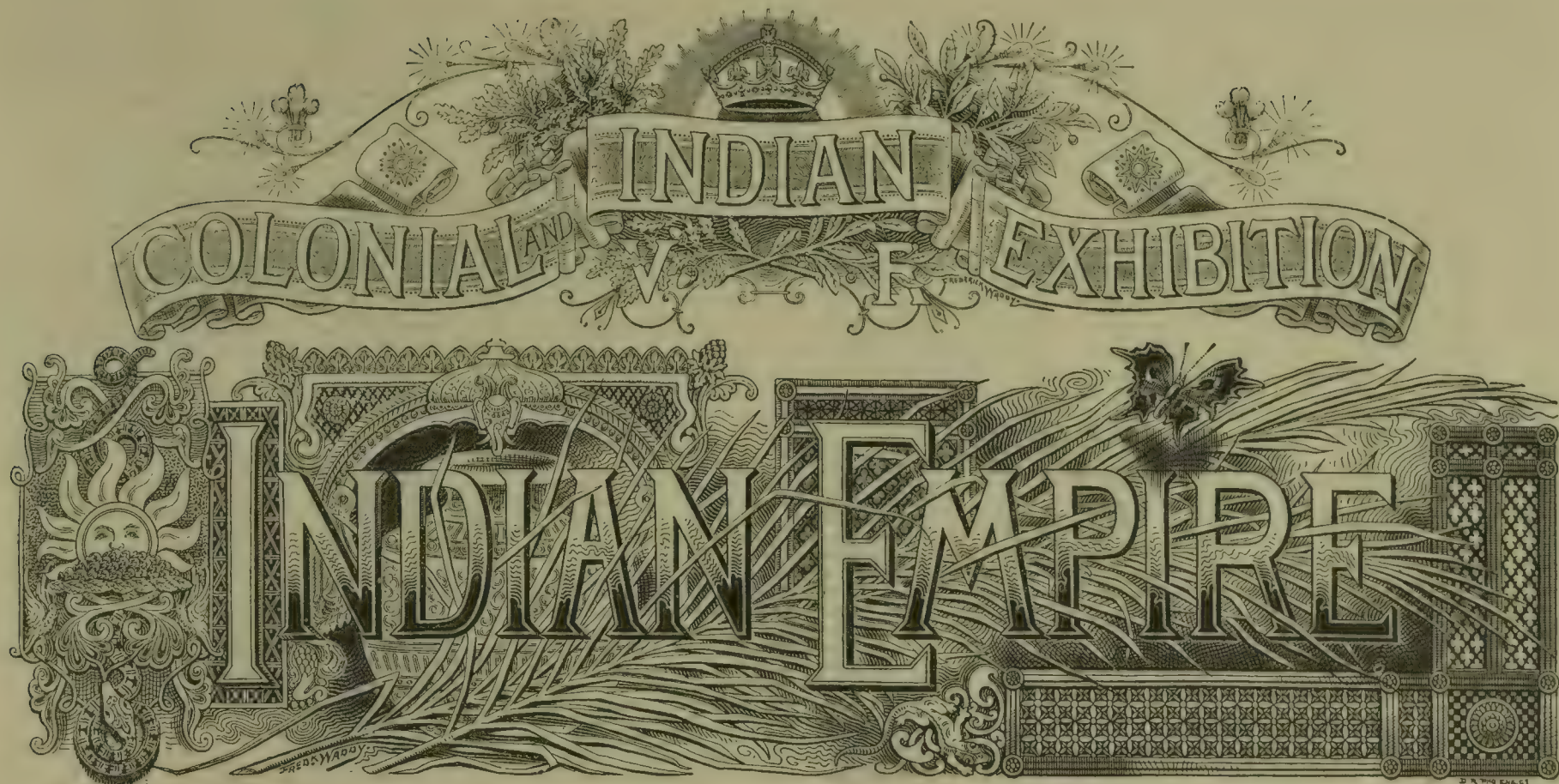
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INDIAN COLONIAL AND INDIAN EXHIBITION

INDIAN EMPIRE

We can well understand her Majesty has with especial pleasure bestowed honours upon the Royal Commissioners and other gentlemen who heartily responded to the patriotic appeal of the Prince of Wales, and who have done all in their power, in co-operation with his Royal Highness and Sir Philip Cunliffe-Owen, to make the Colonial and Indian Exhibition at South Kensington the undoubted success it is. The Queen herself and already over a million and a half of her subjects have been deeply interested in the magnificent art and industrial collections, which eloquently bring home to us the grandeur of the British Empire. But above and beyond the intrinsic value of this splendid Imperial Exhibition as a means of national education, its Royal originator may justly claim

that it will probably have the effect of binding Great Britain, India, and our Colonies more closely together, thus conducing in no small measure towards that great Confederation which has been earnestly advocated by the Earl of Rosebery and other far-seeing statesmen, and which bids fair to be consummated with the consent of both the great Parties in the State.

Many of the features of the glowing Indian Courts are delineated in our present Supplement. At the outset, it should be stated that the Royal Commission is supremely indebted for the comprehensiveness of the Indian Exhibition to the Government of India, which authorised the expenditure of about £7500 to provide the unique collection illustrating the natural history, ethnography, and social economy, adminis-

tration, raw products, and primary manufactures of India. Let all the credit due for the marshalling of the handsome and instructive exhibits from India be given to the Commissioner for India, Mr. E. C. Buck; to Mr. J. R. Royle, the indefatigable official agent; to Mr. Purdon Clarke; to Mr. George Watt, who has charge of the Economic Court, and to their colleagues. Thanks to their zealous efforts, India in miniature is conjured up in the brilliant Indian Courts; and the vast majority of visitors, inspecting the marvels of the East, must involuntarily feel they have a more intimate knowledge than they ever had before of India and of the two hundred and fifty million people Queen Victoria firmly and beneficently reigns over as Empress.



ENTRANCE TO THE CENTRAL AVENUE, INDIAN SECTION.

Entering by the chief entrance in the Exhibition-road, and, in passing, that the walls of the Colonial Hall are at length entirely covered with the paintings of Canadian as well as Australian cities, we are at once transported to India—finding ourselves in a handsomely draped Indian Hall, furnished with beautiful models of P. and O. steamers, and lined with admirable figures of gallant Indian soldiers who have bravely fought shoulder to shoulder with British troops in Afghanistan, in Egypt and the Soudan, and in Burmah.

THE GREAT INDIAN HUNTING TROPHY.

immediately to the right of the steps, is most cleverly designed and grouped by the eminent taxidermist, Mr. Rowland Ward, F.Z.S. This has been from the opening day one of the grand attractions of the Exhibition. It amply repays minute inspection. The first section, in which a hunting elephant is seen beset by fierce tigers, one of which has sprung upon the trunk, into which it has fastened its fangs, doubtless reminded the Prince of Wales of his own tiger-hunting experiences in the Terai during his visit to India some ten years ago. This boldly effective "bit" is due to the initiative of his Highness the Maharajah of Koosh Behar. Similarly telling are the other divisions of Mr. Rowland Ward's Natural History trophy. Here a brace of gay peacocks may be seen rising, displaying their beautiful tails with becoming pride. There a colossal python twines its slow length along the branch of a tree. Alligators crawl from a pool. The group of wounded boars suggests the Indian sport of pig-sticking is going on. A cheetah sucks the life-blood from a deer. Buffaloes, black buck, hog-deer, sambur, and bears are also to be identified in this signally vivid zoological masterpiece, lord and master of which seems to be the great horned sheep, perched high up on the crags.

THE CENTRAL INDIAN COURT.

With this tribute to Mr. Rowland Ward for the remarkable skill he has displayed in designing and grouping the various birds and animals in the gigantic Indian jungle trophy, we pass on, and pause to admire the fine carving of the handsome gateway presented by his Highness the Maharajah of Jeypore. This is surmounted by a platform for the native musicians in red robes and bright turbans, modelled as they greet a returning Prince with trumpeting, while a couple of Indian women are ready to fling down garlands in his honour. Once inside this gateway, the attention of the visitor is arrested by the first of the series of elaborately carved screens, compactly enclosing the exhibits of the different provinces. Right and left are the screens of Jeypore, sheltering a goodly show of art-work, notably the fine brasswork of the Jeypore School of Art, beautifully enamelled ornaments calculated to make the ladies' eyes sparkle, quaint figures, and a variety of elegantly-designed cloths. Delicately beautiful is the Kotah screen of brown Shisham wood, inlaid with ivory; and it is well worth while strolling into this little court to inspect the coloured photographs which clearly illustrate life in an Indian city. Next stands the light Ajmere screen, made of wood, painted white, to resemble the cut stone and plaster familiar in the street architecture of the city of Ajmere, which must look in reality like one of those light fairy cities the genius of Mr. William Beverly conjures up in Drury-Lane Theatre at Christ-mas-tide. The radiant scarlet, gold, and black Bikanir screen covers some lovely lacquered work in cases. Opposite is a peculiar red sandstone screen from Karauli; and many an English artisan will have appreciated the skill of the Indian art-workmen who made the intricate perforated stone side screen in this court. Close at hand is the Johdpur screen of carved teak, an admirable foil for the chaste Ulwur screen of white marble, relieved with black. In the Bombay and Baroda Courts, the richly coloured Bombay pottery and silver-work are worthy the admiration they receive; and the very elaborately carved Bhaunagar screen attracts general attention. Rather different are the Bengal screens, which are imitations in papier-maché castings of red brick and terra-cotta work, and introduce us to the styles of architectural ornament characteristic of the Hindu and Mohammedan buildings in Bengal. Specimens of the famous Dacca muslin are shown in the Bengal Court, of such gossamer lightness that one hardly wonders the names of "dew of the evening," "running-water," and "woven air" were poetically given to the fairy fabrics of Dacca. Exquisitely fashioned also are the carved ivory ornaments here exhibited. Coming now to the Courts of the North-West Provinces and Oudh, the visitor may be interested to know that the stone screens on the north side were executed at Muttra and Agra for the Royal Commission, and that the massive wooden screens on the south side of the avenue were for the most part dug out of old and ruined houses in Lucknow. These courts are remarkable for the beauty of the carpets with which the walls are draped, the artistic pottery, soap-stone ornaments, and the fine copper, brass, silver, and lacquer ware.

The beautifully carved Baroda Pigeon-House of wood, gift of the Guicowar of Baroda, stands out in the centre of this avenue, and forms a favourite trysting-place. It is the humane custom of the inhabitants of Baroda to erect similar shelters throughout the city for the purpose of feeding the numerous pigeons that abound.

Beyond the Baroda Pigeon-House are the Punjab courts, one of the screens of which was made of Shisham by a large family of Sikh carpenters; the opposite screen being made of Himalayan cedar. In the Punjab were fabricated the harmoniously coloured cotton prints with which the Indian Hall near the entrance is furnished. The Kashmir screen, of deodar wood, is a reproduction of the verandah of an old mosque on the Kashmir Murree road; and inside may be viewed superb enamelled metal-work, and some of the charming shawls for which, with other textile fabrics, Kashmir is famous. Inasmuch as the natives of the Central Provinces excel in carving, the screens of the Central Provinces Court are noticeable; and it may be safely said the glitter and glamour of the gold brocade in one particular case will long linger in the memory of fair visitors. Simplicity characterises the bamboo and mat screen of Assam, in comparison with which the carved teak screen with scarlet cloth panels of Burmah may be said to look gorgeous. The native laces and embroideries, and the silver ware of Burmah, are naturally regarded with the greater interest by reason of the recent annexation of the land of King Theebaw to this country. Constructed of Burmah teak by Madras workmen, the Madras screen is executed in the style of the Dravidian architecture of Southern India. The Madras courts never fail to attract the numerous body of the public who delight in scrutinising fine jewellery and artistic metal work cultivated to a fine art. Not less beautiful in its way is the finely carved and inlaid furniture in the Mysore and Coorg Courts. The glowing screens of the Hyderabad Court are particularly gay, owing mainly to the brilliancy of the arches of Bidri ware: blackened pewter, inlaid with gold, silver, copper, or brass, the last being used in the present case. Quite dazzling are the gold embroideries, and handsome are the specimens of black and silver metal work in this last court, which is closed at the western end by the Nizam of Hyderabad's beautiful screen in gilt lacquer work.

With respect to the alluring carpets with which the walls of the principal Indian avenue are made radiant, we are told that the "influence of the Government Schools of Art at Bombay, Lahore, and Madras is being steadily exercised to restore and uphold the standard of pure colours and true Oriental designs. A great improvement is noticeable in many of the carpets selected for exhibition, especially those chosen by Mr. Purdon Clarke, C.I.E. Among these may be specified the copies of the Jeypore Durbar carpets made at Agra and Delhi jails, and the copies of the carpets in the Asa Mehal Palace at Bijapur made at Poona and Tanna jails."

THE INDIAN ETHNOLOGICAL COURT

(to the south of the Central Indian Avenue) is small, but wonderfully interesting. A Forest Trophy, in the shape of a massive, well-made archway, forms the entrance, and reflects great credit on its designer, Mr. F. B. Manson, Deputy Conservator of Forests, Chutia Nagpur, Bengal. There are no less than three thousand specimens of useful timbers for building purposes in this noteworthy gateway, the blocks employed belonging mainly to the Bengal Economic Museum, and to Mr. J. S. Gamble's collection. The ornamental arches are of teak, sal, sissu, and pine. It may be mentioned that the adjacent articles of furniture were carved from the wood of the Padank or Andaman redwood tree; the table, constructed of one complete section, showing the enormous girth which this dark red, close-grained and hard wood attains.

Standing on the roof of the light but strong Bamboo Archway, which is approached by a flight of bamboo steps on each side, the Prince of Wales is said to have remarked to Mr. George Watt, the shrewd organiser of this closely-packed court, "Why, you have India itself here!" It will be admitted there is ample justification for the exclamation of approval on the part of the Royal President, who has so thoroughly devoted himself to this Imperial Exhibition. Looking down from the coign of vantage occupied by his Royal Highness, the visitor sees immediately facing him to the east the remarkably fine seed and agricultural trophy, to the right faithful models of native fruit and seed shops, such as will be found included among our Artists' Illustrations, while around are myriad models representing the various races and the diverse industries and products of Hindostan. Here, in fine, will be found arranged in picturesque confusion an epitome of the fruits of the labour of the large majority of India's two hundred and fifty million population, fairly representing the yield of the cultivated land of India, which amounts to an area of over one hundred and eighty-nine million acres. To exemplify the high economic value of this richly-stocked court, it is officially stated that the collection "may be described as a survey of the economic resources, the productive powers, and the commerce of India. The magnitude of the foreign trade of India enables it to rank as the fifth great commercial power in the world. The total value of the external sea-borne trade of India may be said, roughly, to be 155 millions pounds sterling, of which 70 millions represent exports, and 85 millions imports. Of this the commerce between India and the United Kingdom claims 86 millions sterling, of which 35 millions represent exports and 50 millions imports. To form a complete estimate of the foreign commerce of India, we must add to this the land trade across the frontiers, which amounts to about 12 millions sterling. The staples of this commerce are illustrated in this court."

General interest is taken in the excellently executed models of villages and farms, among the most notable being the miniature representation of a Bengal bazaar, with the monkeys enjoying themselves on the roofs, whilst more or less grave and reverend seigneurs bargain at the shops below. Apropos of the life-size model of an Indian market-place near the Bamboo Archway, visitors may like to know that many of the best of Indian fruits have been introduced from Europe, China, the West Indies, and America. In India the most characteristic fruits are the mango, guava, litchi, pineapple, and plantain; the mango being the most popular of all; and being also in high favour preserved in the shape of jams, pickles, and chutneys. Varieties of nuts may also be seen. The Singara nut, grown on an aquatic weed, forms at Kashmir so important an article of food that some 30,000 persons are said to be dependent upon it for nutriment during certain periods of the year. As for the vegetables most commonly used, it would be difficult to find an Indian market-place where the egg-apple (introduced from America), the melon, the cucumber, the pumpkin, and the radish were not offered for sale alongside rice, plantains, and chillies. But, of course, rice is the most valuable of all the cereals to the generality of the inhabitants of India.

THE CINGALESE COURT

is situated to the west of the Central Indian Avenue. The Executive Commissioner in London is Mr. Arthur N. Birch. The approach to Ceylon's gem of a court is through a veritable Indian bazaar, at the various stalls of which brisk purchases of Indian tea and cigars, glowing fabrics, and glittering jewels and brass ornaments from Benares go on daily. In the centre of this bazaar is exhibited the curious and handsomely adorned bullock-cart for a lady of high rank, sketched by our Artist; this gaily bedizened vehicle having been sent by his Highness the Thakore of Bhaunagar. We enter Ceylon through a picturesque porch, made of teak-wood, an exact representation of parts of the Buddhist Temple of the Sacred Tooth of Kandy. Facing the spectator at the western end of the court is an image of the contemplative Gautama Buddha. Here, on the threshold of Ceylon, Mr. Rowland Ward distinguishes himself again by his masterly arrangement of a group of leopards, whilst at the far end Mr. Ward has built up a trophy of the head and fore part of just such another tusker elephant as gave memorable chase to the Prince and party in Ceylon. What eyes will not glisten at the beautiful show of white and yellow sapphires, and of Ceylon rubies and star-stones by Mr. E. W. Streeter, F.R.G.S! Equally dazzling is the gilt Dagoba, or finely ornamented and bejewelled Buddhist shrine, exhibited by the Governor of Ceylon. Returning to the jewels, it may be stated that one of the cat's-eyes exhibited is cited as the largest in the world, and is valued at £3000. Not the least interesting features of this small Cingalese court are the water-colour paintings delineating the scenery and ruined cities of this lovely island. A rest outside under the trees in the Champs Elysées-like tea-gardens, a cup of fragrant Indian tea and a Trichinopoly cigar for refreshment, and one is ready to admire the colonnade of marble, inlaid with precious stones, erected to the south of the Indian palace courtyard. These marble pillars were presented by the Government of the North-West Provinces to the South Kensington Museum; and were chosen from a number of similar columns in the fort at Agra. The beautiful inlaid work is similar to much of that on the famous Taj. It is supposed the pillars were intended to form part of an extension of the buildings known as the Diwan-i-Khas.

THE INDIAN PALACE,

facing Old London, the busy courtyard occupying the site of the late Pavilion of the Prince, is a monument of the ingenuity and good taste of Mr. C. Purdon Clarke, C.I.E., the modest and clever Keeper of the Indian Museum.

Approaching the Palace from the east, we tarry awhile to admire in the Silk Culture Court the fine array of silks collected by Mr. Wardle, of Leek, comprising beautiful pieces of gold brocade and some of the finest silks produced by India. In this broiling July, who will not revel in the cool vista of the handsome Durbar tent, designed by Mr. Purdon Clarke to give an idea of Indian decoration as applied to European requirements? The sober brown and yellow chintzes which form the roof were especially chosen by Mr. Clarke, who may also plume himself upon the "happy thought" which suggested the inexpressibly cooling centre fountain of the Persian type, with overflowing tank. The drawing of this harmonious tent is designated the vestibule of the Durbar Hall itself, to which we ascend by a graceful red sandstone carpeted staircase. The palatial Durbar Hall was entirely decorated by a couple of skilful native art-workmen of Bubra, in the Shulpur district of the Punjab (by name, Mahomed Baksh and Juma). They took from the midsummer of last year to April of the present year—ten months—in executing, and executing admirably, Mr. Purdon Clarke's designs for the carving and general decoration of this brilliant hall, which is also pictured in one of the Illustrations. The chased silver throne is a gift from the Maharajah Dunga Singh. While a special order is needed to view this sanctum sanctorum, the public can flock, and do flock with a vengeance, to gaze at the native workmen busily occupied in the

COURTYARD OF THE INDIAN PALACE.

Many people prefer to enter this centre of attraction under the famed stone gateway designed by, and erected under the superintendence of, Major James B. Keith, as stated in our last Issue, when we gave an illustration of the Gwalior Gate, presented by his Highness the late Maharajah Scindia to the British Government. The ordinary aspect of the interior of this Palace Courtyard, when the Indian artists and artisans are at their busiest, is mirrored in the page Engraving. It is advisable to pay a visit of inspection to the open workshops here at the very earliest hour, as dense masses of spectators are soon formed in front of the twenty shops lining three sides of the courtyard. Fortunate is the visitor who secures as genial cicerone Dr. J. W. Tyler, F.R.C.S., C.I.E., who exercised great care and discrimination in selecting the men, and who is unceasing in looking after their comfort while they have been in London. Following Dr. Tyler as guide, we come first to Mahomed Hosein, a handsome young man from Delhi, a Mohammedan, engaged in turning copper vessels with a rather melancholy air. Shahban, from Benares, has his men well in hand in the two next shops (shown in the vignette of the north-west corner of the courtyard, and also in the figure Illustrations). Three are working on the "Kincob," or gold brocade loom, which has furnished forth some handsome pieces for the Queen and the Princesses; and two weaving the fine fabrics worn by native ladies. We quickly come to the carpet loom, on which Petharam, from Agra, is industriously engaged with four younger lads in reproducing a carpet of the Taj design, which found favour in the eyes of the distinguished Russian artist Vereschagin, when in India. Wyliath Hosein, a well-known dyer from Agra, is at work in the adjoining place, not with aniline, but with Indian dyes. Our courteous guide whispers that Mokunda Chepsee is also from Agra, and is a Hindoo. A hand printer by vocation, he has some very old blocks, and would be glad to get orders for work. No. 6 will be found Bankey, likewise very well known in Agra, and another making a tapestry durree from an old design. No. 7, the seal engraver from Delhi, Nusir Ahmed, is the son of the old coppersmith, Haji Meahjan; the father doing the coarse work, while Nusir Ahmed applies himself to embossing on copper. Nusir Hosein, a Mohammedan from Delhi, is a clever ivory miniature painter, his two pictures of her Majesty being marvels of faithful reproduction. Munadall, the Lucknow modeller, can mould well from nature. The terra-cotta figures made by his comrade, Jevonall, are reserved for the Queen. The little people may like to know that Tulsirain and Heeralall, who adorn the sweetmeat shop, are Hindoos from Agra. In niche No. 11, is the venerable Buxshiram (said to be 103, but possibly ten or twenty years younger in reality). He is from Agra, and turns the potter's wheel with remarkable dexterity for a "centenarian." The two skilful stone-cutters from Bhurtore (Ghasee and Joogul) work in the next inclosure. No. 13, Radhabulleel and Natheeram, were sent by the Maharajah of Bhurtore. They are skilled architects, and are engaged in finishing a pair of delicate perforated screens for the Empress Eugénie. No. 14—Kadimbuxsh, is a stone-cutter sent from Bikanir by the Maharajah of Marwar. The neighbouring goldsmith from Agra, Hemchand, is an able workman; and is making a beautiful Indian necklace for Princess Louise, who has from the first evinced the greatest interest in the Indian artisans. Then we come to Moguljar, the Delhi silversmith; next him being scated Hajimeahjar. An expert trinket-maker from Agra claims notice after this couple. Last, but by no means least, of this colony of busy Indian bees are Kadimbuxsh and Moulabuxsh, two accomplished wood-carvers of great application from the Bijnore district. One and all are lucky to have so vigilant and considerate a guardian as Dr. Tyler.

It should be added that in the Gallery of the Royal Albert Hall is a collection of oil paintings, water-colour drawings, and photographs, executed by various artists and amateurs of art in India, representing the scenery, the native figures and costumes, and the architecture of different provinces; we have copied several of the photographs in our Engravings on a page of this week's paper. One represents the Temple in the Fort of Gwalior, an illustration of which, by Mr. W. Simpson, appeared some months ago.

VISIT OF COLONIAL AND INDIAN NATIVES TO THE QUEEN.

On Thursday week, her Majesty the Queen entertained at Windsor Castle about eighty Indians, Cingalese, Cyprians, and natives of Cape Colony, British Guiana, and Hong-Kong, employed at the Colonial and Indian Exhibition. The men, women, and children, attired in picturesque costumes, the South American Indians carrying bows and arrows, were conveyed, under the charge of Sir P. Cunliffe Owen, and several of the Royal Commissioners' staff, by special Great Western train to Windsor. The guests, on alighting at the grand entrance in the quadrangle, were met by General Sir H. F. Ponsonby, Colonel Sir Henry Ewart, Major Bigge, and other gentlemen, and conducted to the guard-room and vestibule, in which luncheon was laid, separate tables having been provided with meat, vegetarian dishes, jellies, fruit, wines, and lemonade, to suit the varied tastes of the company, the arrangements for whose reception had been carried out by Sir John Cowell, the Master of the Queen's Household. The band of the Grenadier Guards was stationed in the quadrangle, and played during the repast. Her Majesty, who was accompanied by Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, and attended by the ladies and gentlemen of the Court, afterwards received the visitors in St. George's Hall, the Indians and natives salaaming and doing obeisance to the Sovereign, according to the custom of their country. The party quitted the palace about half-past four o'clock.

TYPES OF INDIAN NATIVE RACES.

In connection with the Indian Exhibition, we present some illustrations, borrowed from a publication entitled "The People of India," showing the types of race among the hill tribes of the northern frontiers, and a few other varieties of the heterogeneous population in different provinces of India, which contain at least thirty distinct nations. Others are represented by the life-size figures to be seen at the Exhibition:—

A GHILZYE (AFGHAN) OF CANDAHAR.

The Ghilzies form one of the most numerous and powerful tribes or clans in Afghanistan, especially in its southern portions, extending from Candahar to the Suliman mountains. They are a brave, warlike race, who have taken a prominent part in the history of their country, from the earliest times to the present. In the memorable retreat from Cabul on Jan. 1, 1842, the Ghilzies had possession of the Khond Cabul Pass, on the road to India, and there inflicted on the retreating force the slaughter of nearly the whole of its numbers, as well as of its helpless camp followers; a defeat which was, however, avenged by the advance of General Pollock's force to Cabul in September of the same year. The Ghilzies, like other Afghan tribes and clans, belong to the Sunnee sect of Mohammedans. They live in communities governed by their own hereditary chiefs—free, independent, and lawless, as their progenitors have been for centuries. Their occupations are husbandry, and grazing sheep and cattle; but all are soldiers, well armed after their national fashion.

A GOORUNG (MILITARY TRIBE) OF NEPAUL.

The Goorungs of Nepal are nominally Hindoos. They live on the hills, uniformly selecting an altitude of 5000 ft. to 6000 ft., where they rear immense flocks of the Barwal goat. They exhibit, in common with most of the aboriginals of Nepal, a modified form of the Mongolian type, retaining their own vernacular tongue. Their original seat is supposed to be in the valleys around the peak of Gosainthan; and they retain, to a certain extent, the manners and religion of their ancestors, though the latter has in some degree been mixed with Hinduism, mainly, it would seem, because this is the religion of the reigning family, whom they serve largely in the capacity of soldiers. From their energy of character, love of enterprise, freedom from the shackles of caste, unadulterated military habits, and perfect susceptibility to discipline, they are eminently fitted for a military life. The Goorungs are subdivided into no less than forty-two branches.

A DOORANEE (AFGHAN) OF CABUL.

In the beginning of the sixteenth century the Dooranee empire was a formidable and widely-extended power. Its nominal capital was Samarcand, and the minor capitals, Balkh, Cabul, and Candahar, were vice-royalties. Its dominions reached from Transoxiana on the west to the Suliman mountains on the frontiers of India on the east; and from the Hindoo Koosh in the north to Seinde and Beloochistan in the south, if not actually to the Indian Ocean. Hordes of Indian captives—men, women, and children—have been mingled with the original population; colonies of Afghans have contributed their quotas to the people of India; Afghan monarchies have ruled over Delhi, and founded independent kingdoms, and the descendants of Dooranees, as Pathans, even now form a distinctive portion of the Mohammedan population, preserving the martial spirit with the virtues and vices of their forefathers, but little changed during the lapse of centuries. The long curly hair and peculiar head-dress, a thickly-quilted cap, round which a slight muslin turban is folded, are characteristic of the lower orders of Dooranees. They are Mohammedans of the Sunnee sect, and are strict and bigoted followers of their faith.

AN ABORIGINAL HINDOO (A CHEROO).

The Cheroos of the present day call themselves Children of the Moon—"Chundrobuns," and wear the Brahminical thread. Their origin is not ascertained; but, according to the family records, they were formerly chiefs of Kumaon, and conquered Bhojpoore, in the Arrah district, expelling the Rajah of that country. There they reigned for six generations, till driven out by a stronger tribe; they then, some 250 years ago, invaded Palamow, driving from thence the Rajpoot Rajah. Here they constructed two extensive forts of brick; the first built was abandoned, in consequence of some unlucky occurrence during its construction; this led to the building of the second, which is a stupendous work, large enough to contain a small town within its lofty walls. Here the last independent Rajah attempted to hold out against a British force, but the fort was breached by artillery, and he then surrendered. There are three collateral branches now in existence; and Baboo Hur Buksh Rae, represented here, was the proprietor of an estate of 370 villages. He was a Cheroo of the best blood.

A LIMBOO (TRANS-HIMALAYAN) OF NEPAUL.

The term Limboo is generally used to designate the whole population of the mountainous country lying between the Dood-Koosi and Kanki rivers in Nepal. Their original country is Chung, in Tibet. In small numbers they exist within the Sikkim territory, as far east as the Teesta river, beyond which they very rarely settle. They doubtless belong to the great Mongolian family of the human race. This is clearly evidenced in their form of features, absence of beard, and yellow colour of the skin; but to which of the numerous divisions of this family they especially belong, or of which they are an offshoot, remains to be decided. Their language has no written character; there is reason, however, to suppose that it once had a written character peculiar to itself. In religion, they are neither Hindoos nor Buddhists, though they outwardly conform, as their locality requires, to the practices of either creed. They believe in one great God, called Sham-mung, and worship many minor deities. They burn the dead, selecting the summits of mountains for that purpose, and afterwards collect and bury the ashes, over which they raise a square tomb of stone. They are a warlike race, and occasionally enlist in the British native army.

NATIVES OF BHOOTAN.

The tract of country known as Bhootan presents a succession of the most lofty and rugged mountains on the surface of the globe; it extends from the southern declivities of the great central ridge of the Himalaya mountains to the foot of the inferior heights which form a talus at their base, and constitute the natural northern boundary of the Assam Valley. It is impossible to estimate, with anything approaching to accuracy, the population of a country situated like Bhootan. It was, however, assumed by Pemberton, in 1833, at about 1,452,000 souls—an estimate which is thought very liberal, though it includes the inhabitants both of the high and low lands. The secular head of the Government is generally known as the Deb Rajah; while the spiritual supremacy is vested in another individual, known as the Dhurma Rajah, who, like the principal Lama of Tibet, is supposed to be a perpetual incarnation of the Deity. The Deb Rajah is chosen from among the principal officers of the country, who are eligible to seats in the Council of State, and by the

established laws (they can scarcely be dignified with the name of constitution) of the country, is permitted to hold his rank for three years only. But these regulations do not in practice control either the elections for or the tenure of the position of Deb Rajah; and are set aside whenever any aspirant after regal honours possesses power to prevent their enforcement. The Dhurma Rajah, like his great prototype of Lassa, is supposed to be Buddha himself, clothed in human form, who, by successive transmigrations from one corporeal frame to another, escapes the ordinary lot of humanity.

THE CIVIL SERVICE.

From the thirtieth report of the Civil Service Commissioners, it appears that for the year 1885 the total number of cases dealt with by them was 28,374. The number of candidates certificated for home Civil Service appointments was greater by 1628 than in the preceding year, and the number rejected on literary examination greater by 489. Between the years 1855 and 1885 the number of persons who entered for competition was 369,347, out of which number 36,035 did not proceed to examination. There were ineligible in respect of age, 3412; in respect of health, 3263; in respect of character, 2023; who passed a preliminary test examination, 12,796; who failed to pass, 15,489; rejected on literary examination (exclusive of preliminary test examination), 29,272; unsuccessful in competitions, 88,894; passed and certificated, 110,234; examined (not under the Orders in Council of 1855 and 1870) for promotion in certain home services, or for military, naval, Indian, and colonial services, 67,929. During last year the results of fifty-five competitions (excluding the Indian, military, naval, and colonial services) were announced, of which thirty-five were open competitions for 1162 situations in thirty-four departments, attended by 12,285 competitors. Only one competition was held in 1885 for clerkships belonging to "Class I." in the Civil Service. At the preliminary test examination 183 candidates attended; at the competitive examination, sixty-three. Thirteen of these sixty-three have received appointments. The number of departments employing Lower Division clerks has, since the date of the last report, been increased by two, and is now fifty-six. All of these departments employ men clerks, but boy clerks serve at present in eleven departments only. Three competitions were held in 1885 for men clerkships of this grade, combined with second-class clerkships in the Indian Office; the number of vacancies offered being 194 and seven respectively. For these vacancies 2067 candidates were examined. Since the Lower Division was established 13,255 candidates have been examined for 2061 places, making an average of 6.43 candidates for each place, all of whom had, before competing, passed a preliminary test examination.

A successful rose show has been held at the Brighton Aquarium, over 2000 exhibits having been shown.

A conversazione of the Teachers' Guild of Great Britain and Ireland was held yesterday week at the South Kensington Museum. There was a numerous attendance. The programme included a concert in the lecture theatre by Mr. Venables' Tonic Sol-Fa Choir and a selection of instrumental music which was performed by the string band of the Royal Artillery in the Italian Court. An exhibition of Miss Chreiman's musical physical exercises was given in the lecture theatre, under Miss Chreiman's direction.

Our readers will not have forgotten the Sketches of laborious and often perilous work among the Cataracts and rocks of the Nile, with the hauling up of whale-boats and steam-launches, during the toilsome progress of Lord Wolseley's Army up that river, from August to November, 1884. We were indebted for some of those Sketches to a gallant, amiable, and accomplished young naval officer, Lieutenant Rudolph De Lisle, R.N., of H.M.S. Alexandra, serving under Captain Hamhill with the Royal Naval Brigade. The death of Lieutenant Rudolph De Lisle, who accompanied the bold march of Sir Herbert Stewart's Brigade across the Desert, and was killed in the battle of Abou Klea on Jan. 17, 1885, was greatly lamented by all his acquaintance. A biographical memoir, written by the Rev. H. N. Oxenham, and contained in a small volume published by Messrs. Chapman and Hall, will make known to a larger circle of society the virtues and graces of a beautiful manly character, and many interesting anecdotes of his family life, his education, and his experiences in the naval service, as well in the Pacific Ocean, and on other remote stations, as with the Mediterranean Squadron. There are some illustrations, from his own drawings. He belonged to an English Roman Catholic family of high social position, being a younger son of Mr. Ambrose Philipps De Lisle, of Graecien and Garendon, Leicestershire, while his mother is a daughter of the fourth Lord Clifford of Chudleigh. At the time of his death, Lieutenant Rudolph De Lisle was thirty-one years of age.

The idea of collecting and classifying the contents of a periodical appearing during a century and a half is an ingenious one; and it must be allowed that Mr. G. L. Gomme's contribution to the *Gentleman's Magazine Library* (London: Elliot Stock), treating of the archaeological discoveries made during that period, is likely to prove of lasting use and interest to students. The *Gentleman's Magazine*, which first appeared in 1731, was the precursor of not only the magazines, reviews, and registers by which it has been followed, but also of our modern newspapers. Its conductors picked up information in every quarter, and must have been supported, in spite of the cost of postage in those days, by a goodly body of private correspondents. From this volume we are able to gather how lively and intelligent an interest our grandfathers and great-grandfathers took, not only in their remote ancestors, but in the evidences then remaining of their existence, which no Society for the Preservation of Ancient Monuments was at hand to protect. Mr. Gomme shows by copious extracts how the search for geologic and pre-historic remains was pursued a hundred years, and although the hunt for submarine forests and "cave-fossils" may not have been very systematic, there is little doubt that the discoveries made a century ago, and recorded in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, have aided, if they did not actually inspire, archaeologists of our own day. Of "Lake dwellings" little was probably known in 1795, but even then the repeated discoveries of underground timber foundations were attracting the attention of the learned and arousing discussions provoked by remarks by Caesar in his "Commentaries" on the naval power of the ancient Britons; a question in which interest was revived by the digging up of the Viking's ship at Sandefjord in Norway in 1830, and later again by similar discoveries at Taplow, and in Lincolnshire only a short time since. Ancient implements, stone and metal, have been found at various dates from 1778, the earliest recorded apparently in the *Gentleman's Magazine* being at Brimington, in Derbyshire; but sepulchral remains—the contents of ancient barrows—were constantly being noted in Sussex and Dorsetshire many years earlier. It is not possible within our limits to give more than a brief and very incomplete summary of the contents of this volume; but we can speak of it as one which shows great care and skill in its compilation, and as being full of useful and often curious information.

WORDSWORTH AND THE WORDSWORTH SOCIETY.

After an existence of nearly six years, the Wordsworth Society has ended its labours, not, however, before achieving the purposes for which it was formed. Wordsworth never was, nor is he ever likely to be, a popular poet; but with those who have felt his power his influence is unbounded; and there are now many Englishmen who, like Mr. Matthew Arnold, believe that, after Shakspeare and Milton, he is undoubtedly the most considerable poet in our language from the Elizabethan age to the present time. And some of his admirers or lovers will even agree with Lord Selborne, who last week presided over the concluding meeting of the Society, that they owe more to Wordsworth than to any other English writer. This great poet's superiority is not readily discovered by the superficial reader of poetry. Wordsworth cannot approach the incomparable music of Coleridge and Shelley; he has not the richness of imagery to be found in Keats; and of the stormy force of Byron there are no indications in the author of "Tintern Abbey" and of "Laodamia." He has no humour; occasionally he is profoundly prosaic; and his dread of the poetic diction so popular in his youth led him frequently to an extreme in the other direction which is sometimes ludicrous. "Wordsworth's ship," said Landor, "would sail better for casting many loose things overboard." He is a poet with conspicuous defects; of which, strange to say, he was totally unconscious. What, then, is the secret of his influence? It is to be found, I think, in his sincere and, of course, poetical interest in Man and in Nature, in his reverence for what is good and love of what is beautiful, and in a power of seeing into the life of things almost without parallel in our literature. Wordsworth's Muse has often a very homely appearance as she trudges along the country paths, but in an instant she is transformed, and stands before us "with something of an angel light." A thought of priceless value, a line of the rarest beauty, rouses the intellect and touches the heart, making us feel that we are in the presence of an inspired poet, and that for the moment we are inspired also. The splendour may "fade into the light of common day," but the recollection of it remains, giving new energy to life, and a new impression of Nature. Poet-like, Mr. Arnold has hit the mark exactly when he writes of Wordsworth's "healing power"; and this power, of which all his sincere lovers are conscious, is not due to his wisdom as a philosopher, but to his poetical genius. He was a great teacher, as Mr. Swinburne justly observes, because he was a great poet.

Noble as are such poems as "Laodamia" and "Dicu," they are not the most characteristic of his genius. It is among the homely scenes of human life and the humble objects of Nature that his peculiar power is developed:—

Love had he found in huts where poor men lie,
His daily teachers had been woods and hills,
The silence that is in the starry sky,
The sleep that is among the lonely hills.

All the poetry of Wordsworth has an unmistakable mark of its own; but there are twenty or thirty poems, narrative, lyrical, and reflective, which may be regarded by the reader as test pieces; if he does not appreciate them—nay, more, if he cannot take them to his heart—he had better leave Wordsworth alone. Among these, in what we may call the poet's great style, are "Tintern Abbey," the "Ode to Duty," and the "Ode on Intimations of Immortality"; in narrative style preference for our purpose may be given to "The Leech-gatherer," to "Michael," to "The Affliction of Margaret," and to "The Old Cumberland Beggar." Among characteristic poems belonging to the lyrical class, one thinks instantly of "The Fountain," "We are Seven," "The Solitary Reaper," "To the Cuckoo," "Three Years She Grew," "I Wandered Lonely," "Stepping Westward," and "Lucy Gray"; and no doubt there are many devout Wordsworthians, but I am not of the number, who, like Mr. Arnold, can read "Peter Bell" with pleasure and edification. Even, however, in that unpleasant and long-winded story there are lines of peerless beauty, such as no other poet could have written. Then another form of poetry, in which, although the poet forgets his creed about homely language, he is eminently Wordsworthian, is the Sonnet. Of this he is undoubtedly the greatest master in the language. Other poets have produced single sonnets equal, and perhaps superior; but there is no one who has written thirty or forty sonnets of the supreme excellence that may be claimed for that number of Wordsworth's. Of these a few of the finest are dedicated to Liberty; and, in spite of Shelley's sneer, this love of true liberty, apart from its counterfeit, license, was felt by Wordsworth all his life long. There was no period of it in which he was not animated by the spirit that breathes through the noble sonnet to Milton, and through the equally fine sonnet ending with the memorable words—

In our Halls is hung
Armour of the invincible Knights of old;
We must be free or die who speak the tongue
That Shakspeare spoke; the faith and morals hold
Which Milton held. In everything we are sprung
Of Earth's first blood, have titles manifold.

I am not writing an essay on Wordsworth, but having been present, I believe, at every meeting of the Society in London, it is pleasant to jot down a few thoughts called forth by the termination of these interesting gatherings. In the course of them, men like Mr. Matthew Arnold, Mr. Russell Lowell, Mr. Aubrey De Vere, Mr. Hutton, Mr. Ainger, the author of "John Inglesant," and other speakers well known for their love of literature and poetry, have had much to say about the poet which is preserved in the Transactions of the Society. A good deal of local gossip, too, has been garnered up which is not without interest.

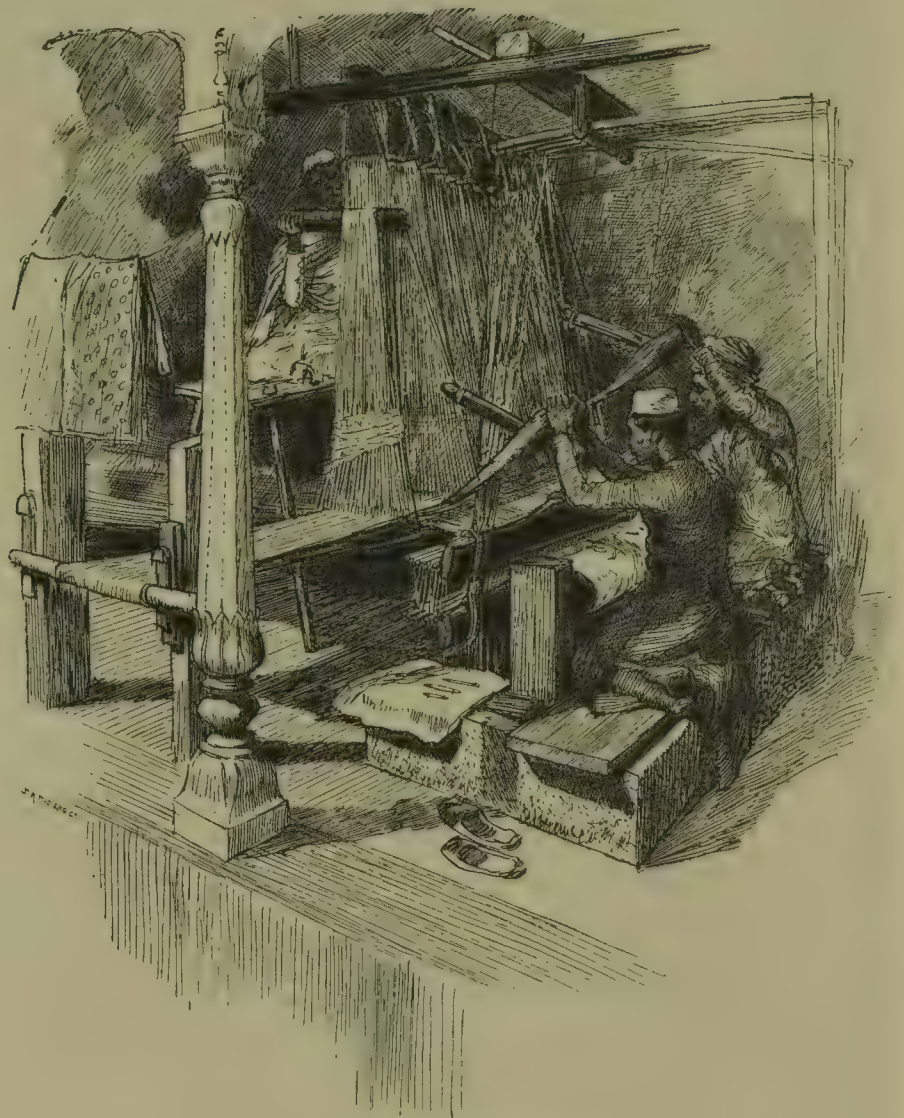
For one or two reasons the final meeting, held last week in the Jerusalem Chamber, was, perhaps, the most attractive of the series. One gentleman, indeed, read an abstract discourse, which seemed to have little to do with the poet, and was rather trying to one's patience. But Lord Selborne's frank confession of the debt he owed to Wordsworth, and the way in which he defended him from the absurd charge of Pantheism, was as impressive in delivery as it was significant in matter. Pleasant, very pleasant, also were the too brief words of Mr. Aubrey De Vere, who follows his father's judgment in placing Wordsworth second in the rank of English poets; and Mr. Ainger's bright and suggestive paper on the poets to whom Wordsworth was indebted, showed how possible it would be for him to write a charming essay on the subject. Some of his points were admirable, and, in playgoers' language, brought down the house (which, unfortunately, consisted of no more than thirty-five or forty persons); but Mr. Ainger did not allude to the debt, repaid ten times over, which Wordsworth owed to Henry Vaughan, nor to the influence of Cowper, Burns, and Crabbe, and probably also of Blake—poets who wrote direct from Nature, instead of adopting the poetical diction then in vogue. That English poetry gained wider scope and nobler aims wholly through the influence of Wordsworth, certainly cannot be said; but, as the greatest poet of the century, his power in these respects has been most largely felt.

J. D.

COLONIAL AND INDIAN EXHIBITION: THE INDIAN EMPIRE.



WOOD-CARVERS (COURTYARD OF INDIAN PALACE).



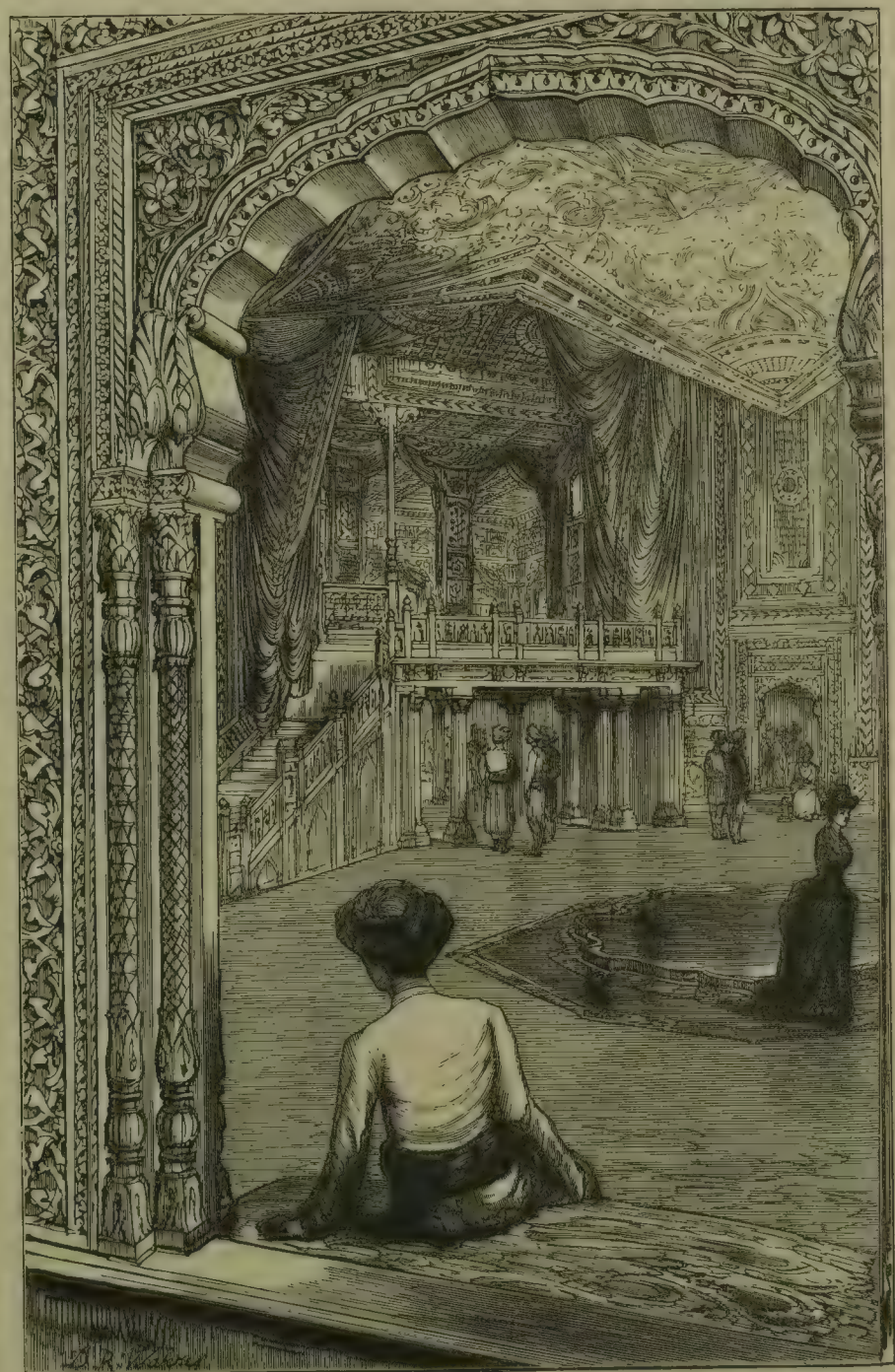
GOLD BROCADE-WEAVERS.



MODEL OF NATIVE FRUIT-SHOP.



ARCHWAY, COURTYARD OF INDIAN PALACE.



VESTIBULE OF THE DURBAR HALL.

COLONIAL AND INDIAN EXHIBITION: THE INDIAN EMPIRE.



COURTYARD OF THE INDIAN PALACE.

IN DARKNESS OR SILENCE?

Discussions often arise as to which calamity is the worse to bear—blindness or deafness. The question is sometimes made personal, and you are asked which you would give up if you were obliged to choose between seeing and hearing. The loss of either is so terrible to contemplate, that much difference of opinion is provoked, and the argument generally becomes a drawn battle. Unless the subject, however, is brought under consideration accidentally, people blessed with all their senses do not take great interest in it, and it is soon dismissed. At the present moment, as there is a Royal Commission sitting to investigate the condition, welfare, &c., of the blind, deaf, and dumb, it may be fair to suppose the public attention will be more roused than usual, and that the familiar gossip will take the form of that pertinent question with which we start. Let us weigh it a little. At the first blush there seems no doubt that blindness is far more disastrous, in every respect, than deafness. The sufferer is rendered so infinitely more helpless that a very little consideration is sufficient to show where the choice would lie. A deaf man, except in certain occupations, is not incapacitated from earning his living. For the most part, he retains his independence. He can go hither and thither without hindrance. He can read, write, draw, paint—in a word, follow most vocations requiring eyesight. Whereas, according to the popular idea, the very reverse is the case with the blind man. His dependence on others is thought to be deplorable. Somebody must read and write for him, and lead him about, &c.; whilst the callings by which he can hope to earn even a small income are so limited that he is indeed fortunate if he is not entirely dependent on others for his daily bread.

When broadly stated thus, one is surprised that any discussion on the relative value of eyes and ears should occur—seeing is so much more important a sense than hearing. The fact is undeniable; at the same time, there exist compensatory powers, which have only to be properly developed and turned to account, immensely to modify these common impressions on the subject. Again, when we remember the effects of the two infirmities on the sufferer's inmost selves, we find further cause for question. As an almost invariable rule, the blind are cheerful, light-hearted, even gay. They laugh and talk with a brightness and intelligence that will at once admit them to every average society as completely as if they could see; the very contrary is the case with the deaf. They are generally moody, silent, slow of apprehension, and often apparently ill-tempered and dull—if not stupid. They cannot take part in ordinary conversation, and their glance and whole bearing convey the idea that they are suspicious of everybody and everything. Nor is this unnatural; their deprivation obviously must produce such characteristics; and therefore, as far as the individual himself is concerned, it is infinitely worse, more distressing and depressing, to live in silence than in darkness. The query therefore remains as doubtful and as pertinent as ever, and a conclusive answer to it as remote. Natural temperament and the circumstances of life would affect the decision to some extent if we were really obliged to choose, but in the abstract they have no material influence. Although, happily, we are none of us peremptorily called on to make such selection, unhappily many are compelled to bear one or the other, and sometimes both afflictions. Then, truly, it would seem that human ill could no farther go. To be both blind and deaf, and possibly dumb also, embodies a terror beyond conception. Yet there are not wanting instances where misfortune even to this extent occurs. Until quite lately, too, in England, comparatively few attempts have been made to mitigate such dire suffering, at least as far as blindness is concerned—that is to say, no attempts based upon anything like a comprehensive, wise, or scientific system. Of course, individual efforts in this direction have been manifold; and we know that from time immemorial asylums have existed where the afflicted are taken good care of. But, confining ourselves to the immediate question of darkness as against silence, it is only within the last fifteen years that successful modes have been followed for training the unfortunates up to a condition which will compensate for the lost sense, and place them on a fair footing with the rest of mankind. One of the results, however, of the improved understanding of the capabilities of the afflicted has been to leave the question of which is the worse, blindness or deafness, as far off solution as before.

A visit to the Royal Normal College and Academy of Music for the Blind at Norwood, for example, will show what a sound and thorough education—physical as well as mental—will do to make up for the loss of sight. It will prove beyond dispute that the pupils may be trained to fight the battle of life with a reasonable chance of passing through it victoriously, and not much in rear of the deaf. No one witnessing their independence and movements, the dexterity, skill, and ease with which touch, hearing, taste, and smell are exercised, and compelled to do duty for sight, and, above all, the general cheerfulness pervading the establishment, can say for certain whether he would not just as soon be blind as deaf. "Train me," he would say, "in this manner, enable me to feel as and to do what these youngsters are feeling and doing, and I am not at all sure, as far as personal sensations go, that I would not just as lief be born without eyes as without ears, if the dread alternative were put before me." "But what about the future when my education was finished, and I had to earn a living?" the visitor might continue. "Well, then, of course, if deaf instead of blind I should have the best of it." To some extent he might be right. Nevertheless, he would be reminded, that if he left the college a thoroughly educated and competent musician (as is quite possible), he would be better off than his deaf brother, and on equal terms with many a seeing one. His attention would be called to the fact that in music he could find a field where his infirmity need not materially lessen his income. In default of music, he would see other paths of remuneration open to him, because whatever he was taught, he would be taught thoroughly. Further, he ought to have it impressed on him that when he left the school a watchful eye would be kept on him by its officials, they helping him to their utmost to find work, putting him in a position to start in, and go on with it. This most essential point has been fatally overlooked in this country, for there is no denying that the blind throughout their lives need enormous help in order that they may help themselves. In France and Germany, Saxony especially, this fact has for a long time been realised and acted on, and the Normal College follows the foreign example. It is to be hoped, therefore, that the Royal Commission will give due weight to the matter, and that, whatever other good may come from their deliberations, one of the results will be that if the State take the welfare of the blind in hand, it will attend to the future of the pupils on the German plan, and so prevent the knowledge they have acquired in the schools being wasted. If this be done we shall no longer see the same number of adult blind paupers that we do now cumbering the community. There will no longer be but one step from the school-room to mendicancy in the streets, or to public-house fiddling, which hitherto have seemed, with rare exceptions, to be nearly all to which popular instruction to the blind in music has led, owing chiefly to the want of thorough training, and to the little regard paid to the future of sightless dependents on philanthropy. W. W. F.

NEW BOOKS.

We are afraid that the *Life of Sir Henry Raeburn, R.A.* (W. H. Allen and Co.), by his great grandson, Mr. W. Raeburn Andrew, will add little to our stock of knowledge respecting the most eminent Scotch portrait-painter. The sketch, for it scarcely exceeds the limits of a magazine article, conveys the idea that the career of the "Reynolds of the North" was one of almost unbroken success. His father, who is described as a "manufacturer," had a mill at Stockbridge, on the water of Leith, and here Henry, his second son, was born, in 1756. His parents dying whilst he was yet a child, their place was taken by the elder son, who sent his young brother to Heriot's Hospital for his education, and subsequently apprenticed him to a jeweller, for whom he painted miniatures in water colours with so great skill that he speedily attracted attention, one of his earliest works being a portrait of Dr. Charles Darwin. His employer, who appreciated his protégé's talent, introduced him to David Martin, then occupying in the Scotch capital a position similar to that held by Hudson in London. Both teachers grew jealous of their respective pupils—by whom they were destined to be wholly overshadowed. Raeburn's emancipation from the stiffness of his master was even more rapid than Reynolds', and his earliest works brought him popularity. Amongst his first sitters was Ann Countess Leslie, the widow of a French Count, but the daughter of a Scotch Laird, Peter Edgar, of Bridgeland; and a few months (or weeks) later she became his wife, bringing with her every quality a man could desire, and in addition a handsome fortune. Raeburn's career thenceforward was one of happiness and prosperity. He came to London, and was cordially welcomed by Reynolds, and by his advice visited Rome, where he spent two years, studying apparently for the most part under the direction of Battoni—best known to travellers by his "Reading Magdalen," in the Dresden Gallery. It is unnecessary to follow Raeburn's successful career step by step. He did more to establish a national school of painting than any of his predecessors or contemporaries, and he found his reward in the appreciation in which he was held by his fellow-citizens. We cannot but regret that his biographer has not been able to give us more details of his method of working, of his relations with his sitters, and of his life in Edinburgh at a time when it well deserved the title of the "Athens of the North." We demur, too, to Mr. Andrew's conclusion that Raeburn's best work was done in the closing years of his life. The portrait of Dr. Spens, which, when exhibited at Burlington House some years since, first revived an interest in Raeburn's work, was painted ten or twelve years before his death, and in this, as in other works dating from the same period, we find Raeburn's talent pre-eminently displayed. The appendix to Mr. Andrew's volume comprises a catalogue of the works of Sir Henry Raeburn exhibited at Edinburgh in 1876; but unfortunately it is not supplemented by a list of the works which were wanting on that occasion.

There are some watering-places which most of us would rather not visit, if we can help it; but for those to whom avoidance of one of the most important, but least desirable, is impossible, such a handbook as Mr. Merrylees' *Carlsbad and its Environs* (Sampson Low, Marston, and Co.) is of some value. Passing by the chapters on the past history of Carlsbad and the means of getting to it, we come to the author's copious and varied information upon the hotels, lodgings, and shops of the place, and are then introduced at some length to the mode of treatment and to the cost which it entails. Luckily, in seven cases out of ten for which Carlsbad is prescribed, the patient has only himself to thank for his enforced journey—and on such the somewhat high "cure-tax," and the concomitant expenses of the place do not perhaps press very heavily. It is, however, as well to know that the Burgomaster can, on appeal, reduce some of the charges which are levied for municipal or other purposes, though obviously that functionary has no control over hotel bills, and the charges for lodgings, &c. Upon all such matters Mr. Merrylees is most explicit, and no one who consults his guide-book need have any reason to complain of being surprised by the cost of living in this fashionable but remote watering-place of Bohemia. The régime to which patients are subjected is more severe than at most baths, but this is partially compensated for by the comparatively fashionable hours observed—few drinkers, for instance, appearing at the Sprudel or at the Mühlbrunn earlier than 6.30 a.m., as compared with the 5 a.m. drinkers to be met with at some baths. A light breakfast succeeds about 8 a.m., and this, composed of coffee and Vienna rolls, is usually taken in the open air; after which the bath (sometimes the peat bath) is taken. Dinner—strictly controlled by medical directions—follows at about one o'clock, and, although wine is not forbidden, it is only permitted in such quantities and of such description as the doctor allows. The evening meal, very different from the ordinary German "Abendessen," consists of tea, with milk and eggs, taken about 6 p.m.; and before ten o'clock everyone is supposed to be in bed—except when some fête or other entertainment is going on, as is not unfrequently the case. To all who desire to learn by anticipation life at Carlsbad we can recommend Mr. Merrylees' guide as a necessary introduction.

There is no history so important, and none probably so difficult to write, as that of the Israelites. In *The Jews in Ancient, Medieval, and Modern Times*, by James K. Hosmer (Fisher Unwin), the author confesses that his task is "beset with certain special embarrassments." The human and the divine run side by side in the history which above all others is accounted sacred, and the author who puts the wonderful narrative in a modern form must express his strongest convictions regarding it, or write in a style which will be colourless if not misleading. Professor Hosmer does not attempt to answer the great questions that arise out of Jewish history, and the most prominent page of it is treated with the utmost brevity. There is obviously no sense of proportion on the part of the writer, though a considerable avoidance of difficulty, when he compresses the whole of the New Testament story within five pages, while devoting twenty pages to Sir Moses Montefiore, and seventeen to Heine. The chapters on Hebrew statesmen, on the Money Kings, and on the Mendelssohn family will be found very interesting; and many of the remarks scattered through the volume are fitted to arrest attention. It is estimated that the Jewish population of the world at the present time is 6,300,000, and of these about 2,500,000 are inhabitants of Russia; while England, the only country, we believe, in Europe where they are treated with absolute freedom, contains the smallest number. The energy and success of the once down-trodden race is remarkable; and Mr. Hosmer observes that the Jew is now everywhere climbing into places of power, so that it seems possible he may attain in the future "an ascendancy as remarkable as his past abjectness." We may add that the volume belongs to the series called "The Story of the Nations."

Messrs. Charles Scribner and Sons, of New York, announce their intention of beginning the publication of a new monthly magazine, to be called *Scribner's Magazine*.

SUMMER THOUGHTS.

It may seem an indication of weakness that a man's thoughts should be influenced by the season of the year; but there is no doubt they are. In the glow of summer the mind is, as it were, unstrung, and is exercised discursively. A steady, continuous train of thought seems impossible. Severity of mental discipline is out of harmony with splendour of sunshine, with the beauty that veils us on all sides—on mountain summits and heath-covered hills, in the deep recesses of the forest, in gardens sweet with fragrance and rich in colour, in streams that toss their foam over the rocks, in rivers that carry with them historic memories. Amidst such scenes it is enough to dream and to enjoy; we feel inclined to live in a Castle of Indolence. We do not cease to think, for absolute mental inactivity is impossible; but we prefer imagination to logic, renounce controversy, and "hang up philosophy."

The soberest and most matter-of-fact London citizen who studies his ledger with affectionate eagerness for ten months out of the twelve, will take life as easily as he can in August and September. Professors, physicians, barristers, clergymen—nay, even archbishops, are disposed for the nonce to give more attention to the body than to the mind. Nature cries out for rest, and, as far as possible, we respond to the cry. Nature says, "Do little"; and that is what we are doing. It is a pity, perhaps, that the universal holiday season should be delayed until late in the year. Something we gain, no doubt, in settledness and warmth of weather, but we lose much in beauty; and when Southey said of the Lake District that its most exquisite charms were not revealed to autumn tourists, he might have added that his words would apply with equal truth to Wales and to Scotland. But, since Fashion settles the season for relaxation, it is of no use saying that that very despotic personage might have chosen better; and, to tell the truth, if the spring and early summer months of the year can boast more of fitful beauty, the later months yield more comfort. Add to this, that we escape from hot streets and offices during the most oppressive time of the year.

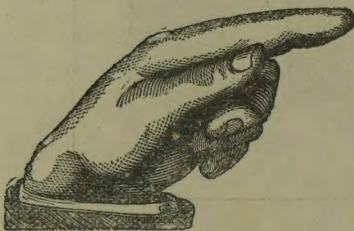
What we want at this leisure time is to gain a stock of health; and health, which to some of the human family never comes at all, is as fitful as a girl of seventeen. Of course, we are all familiar with certain laws based on observation and experience; but then every man has his idiosyncrasy, which is often as troublesome and intractable as hay fever. Absolute rest in pure air is what one person needs; a bout of vigorous exercise on horse or foot gives new life to another; a third, oppressed with the monotony of daily toil, requires a sea change, or the mental refreshment gained by foreign travel.

The question arises, a thousand times repeated, whether on the whole a man gains more from going abroad than from home travel? There are a score of reasons why, as old Fuller said, he should see his own country before going over the threshold. For one reason, it is his own country; then it is surpassingly beautiful, as those only know who have wandered over it at leisure; then it is full of associations which should have a fascination for every Englishman; and it is not irrelevant to add that if the traveller has money to spend it is better to benefit his own countrymen than foreigners. The choice within the United Kingdom is, indeed, ample. Scenery of every kind, from the half mountainous, half pastoral charms of Devonshire, with its noble seacoast to boot; the restful beauty of the country that was the home of Shakespeare; the endless attractions of Wales and of the lake district; of Derbyshire and Yorkshire; the Norfolk Broads, which afford sport as well as relaxation; Scotland, from the borderland to the Orkney and Shetland islands, the country of which Burns and Scott are the rightful kings; and Ireland, whose name, in spite of other memories, is for ever famous for its wild mountains of Connemara, for its lovely lakes of Killarney, for its fair scenery of county Wicklow—here are surely attractions enough for the most exacting traveller. One admission, however, must be made. If a man wishes to escape from sad memories, or if he finds his case described in Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," the novelty of foreign travel and foreign ways is likely to prove more beneficial than a journey in his own country. It is by no means certain, however, that it will; for novelty, when the mind is overwrought, does not always compensate for the want of familiar comforts. The wearisome, noisy dinner at a table d'hôte is in itself a serious drawback to the traveller who is craving for rest and quiet.

Change for mind as well as body is what we seek at this holiday season, but it is not always easy to find. We know who sits behind the horseman; and that intrusive companion, do what we may and go where we will, cannot easily be shaken off. But it is impossible to enjoy Nature, impossible to gain the fresh sense of freedom and joy so necessary to health, with Care nudging at one's elbow. This is the fellow we cannot away with; his impetuousness is intolerable, his presence never opportune; he is awake by night as well as by day, and grudges one every moment of repose. And the misfortune is, he cannot be laid hold of. If Care would but come in bodily form, with a coat upon his back, so that we might seize him by the collar and kick him down-stairs, what a relief it would be! But the skulking knave has not the face to show himself; he is as mean as a dynamite conspirator, and as dangerous. In winter he seems in a measure to suit the season, but in summer, when the sun is shining and the sky blue, which sometimes happens even in England, he is simply detestable.

Suppose, my friend, you go this autumn for a tour on the Continent, alone, let us say, and, therefore, gloriously independent, what a sense of freedom comes over you in the presence of a Swiss mountain or on the shores of an Italian lake! Will you climb the one? Will you sail on the other? By all means; but be sure the old companion will climb or sail with you, reminding you of the chances you have missed in life, of the debts you owe, of the duties you have neglected, of the friends you have lost. Care says, "You are enjoying yourself now, but you will have to work all the harder afterwards"; or, "What right, Mr. Jones, have you to be rambling in Italy, when you cannot afford even to send your wife and children to Margate?" or he whispers, "If you had married the girl you loved, instead of marrying for money, what a much nobler and happier life you would have led"; or hints, in that irritating tone of his, that if you had done this, and hadn't done that; if, in short, you had acted wisely, instead of like a fool, you might have been, let us say, Lord Chancellor, or physician to the Queen, or, if such a position is to be coveted in these stormy days of party, a leading politician.

"Man never is, but always to be blest," says the poet; and the saying is a truism. Yet, if there is a time in the year when some of us approach, at least, if we do not reach that happy state of blessedness, it is when, with a clear conscience and free from pecuniary anxieties, we are able to take our summer holiday. Let Care come with us, we will take our pleasure in spite of him. Let him come; but we will show him who is the master, and who, if he cannot be dislodged altogether, shall be treated as a slave.



"I have found PEAR'S SOAP matchless for the hands and complexion."

Helena Patten.

AT HOME MY HOUSEHOLD GOD, ABROAD MY VADE MECUM. THE STOMACH AND ITS TRIALS.

A GENERAL OFFICER, writing from Ascot, on Jan. 2, 1886, says:—"Blessings on your FRUIT SALT! I trust it is not profane to say so, but in common parlance, I swear by it. There stands the cherished bottle on the chimney-piece of my sanctum, my little idol at home, my household god, abroad my vade mecum. Think not this is the rhapsody of a hypochondriac; no, it is only the outpouring of a grateful heart. The fact is, I am, in common, I dare say, with numerous old fellows of my age (67), now and then troubled with a troublesome liver; no sooner, however, do I use your cheery remedy than, exit pain, 'Richard is himself again.' So highly do I value your composition that when taking it I grudge even the little sediment that will always remain at the bottom of the glass; I give, therefore, the following advice to those wise persons who have learnt to appreciate its inestimable benefits:—

When ENO'S SALT betimes you take,
No waste of this Elixir make,
But drain the dregs, and lick the cup
Of this, the perfect Pick-me-up."



HOW TO AVOID THE INJURIOUS EFFECTS OF STIMULANTS.—The present system of living—partaking of too rich foods, as pastry, saccharine and fatty substances, alcoholic drinks, and an insufficient amount of exercise—frequently deranges the liver. I would advise all bilious people—unless they are careful to keep the liver acting freely—to exercise great care in the use of alcoholic drinks; avoid sugar, and always dilute largely with water. Experience shows that porter, mild ales, port wine, dark sherries, sweet

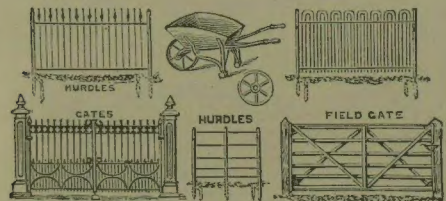
champagne, liqueurs, and brandy, are all very apt to disagree; while light white wines, and gin or whisky largely diluted with soda water, will be found the least objectionable. ENO'S FRUIT SALT is peculiarly adapted for any constitutional weakness of the liver; it possesses the power of reparation when digestion has been disturbed or lost, and places the invalid on the right track to health. A world of woes is avoided by all who use ENO'S FRUIT SALT; therefore no family should be without it.

ENO'S FRUIT SALT.—"After suffering for nearly two years and a half from severe headache and disordered stomach, and after trying almost everything, and spending much money without finding any benefit, I was recommended by a friend to try your Fruit Salt, and before I had finished one bottle I found it doing me a great deal of good; and now I am restored to my usual health; and others I know that have tried it have not enjoyed such good health for years.—Yours most truly, ROBERT HUMPHREYS, Post Office, Barrasford."

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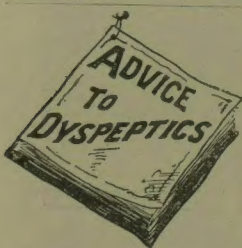
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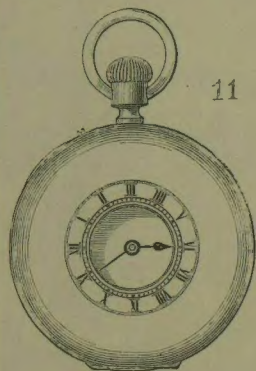
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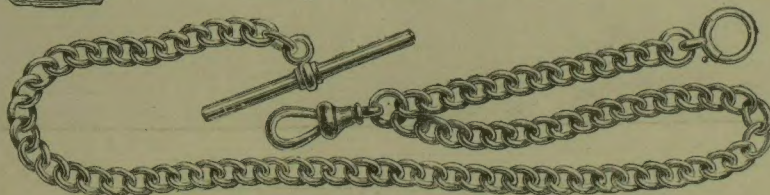
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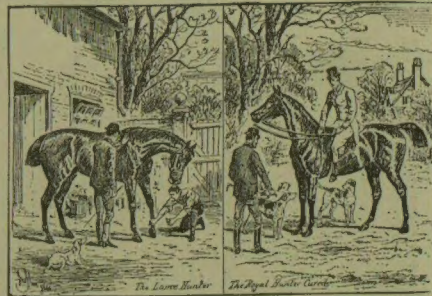
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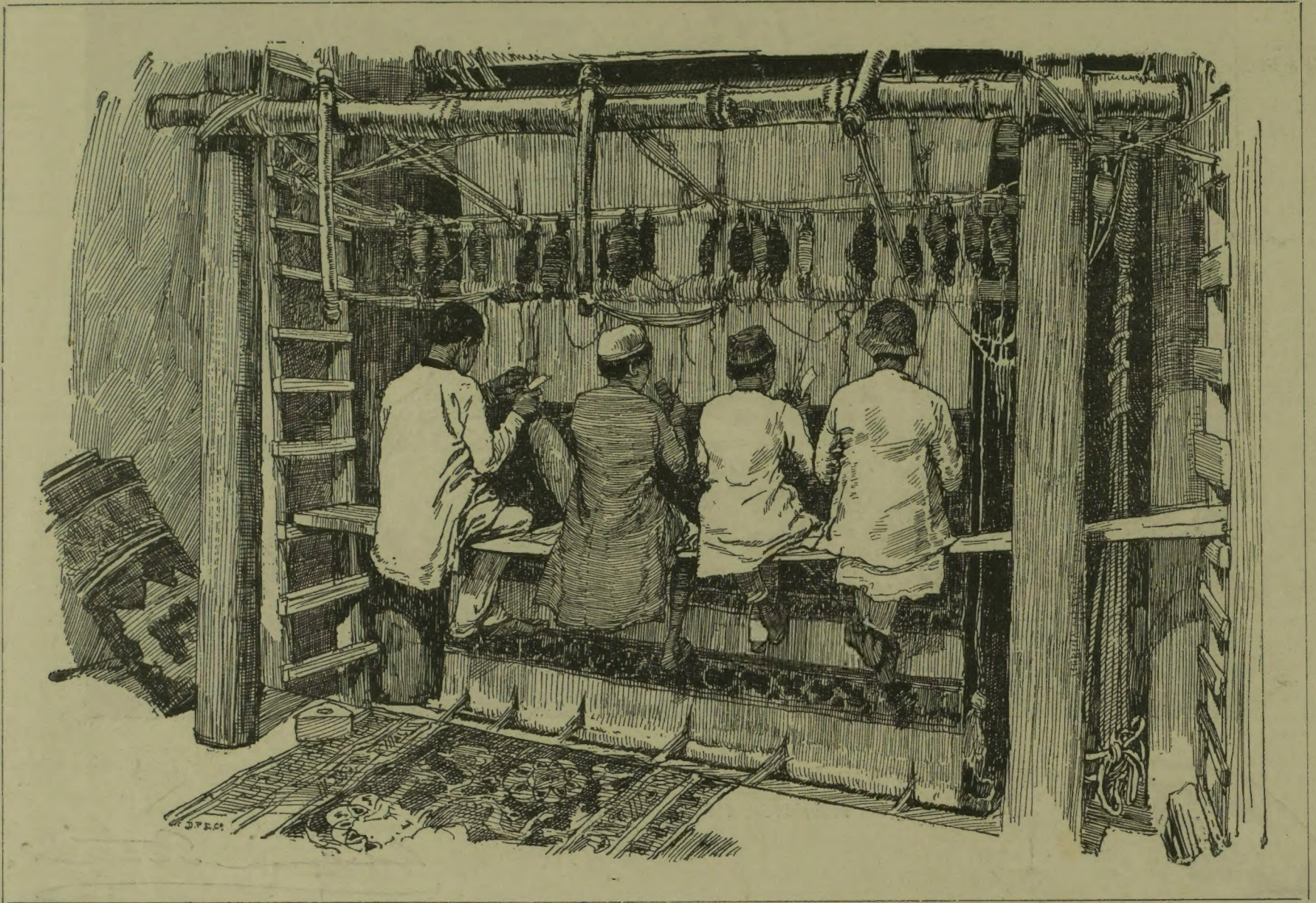
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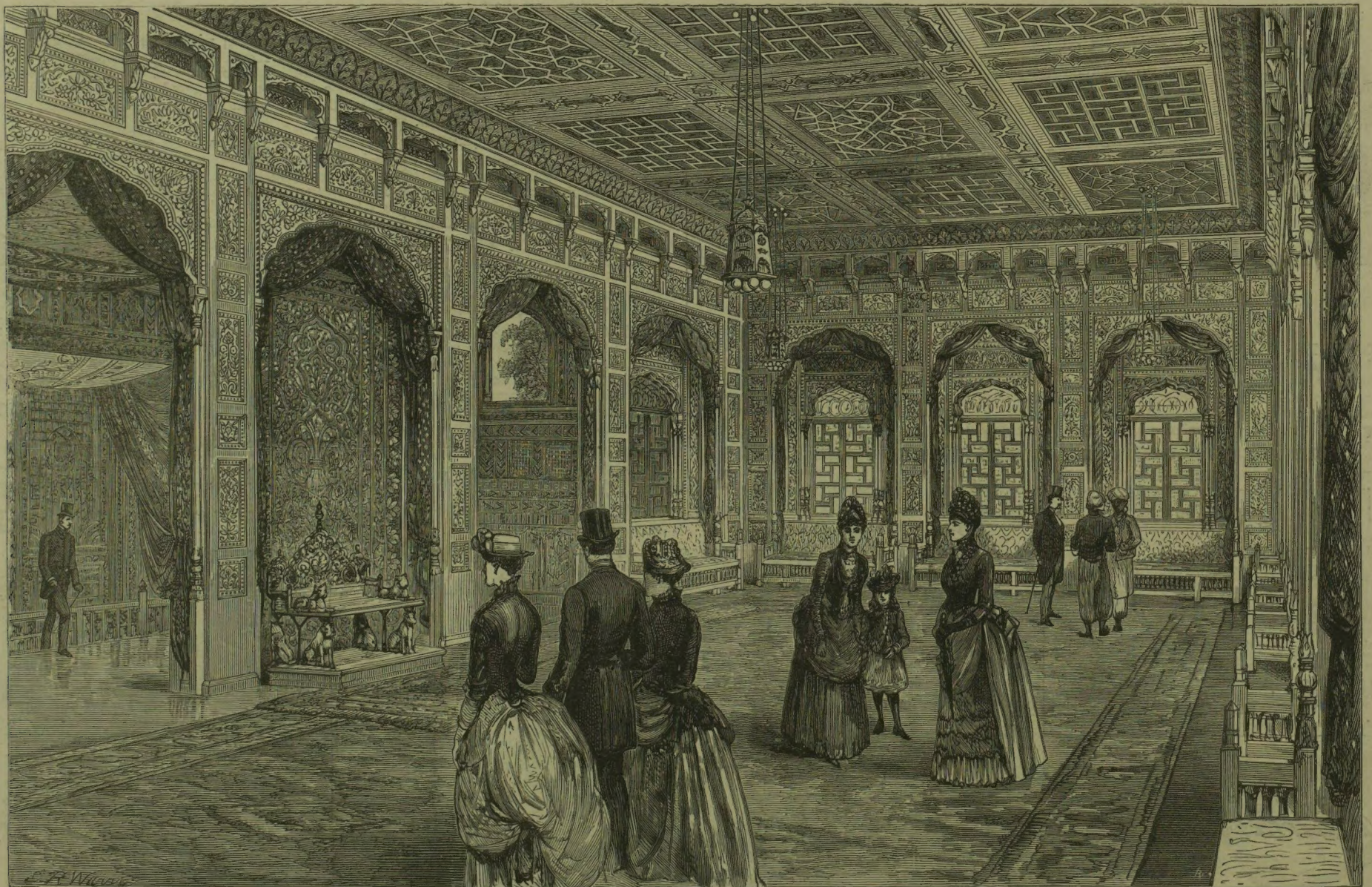
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